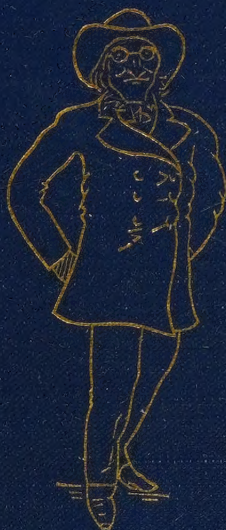
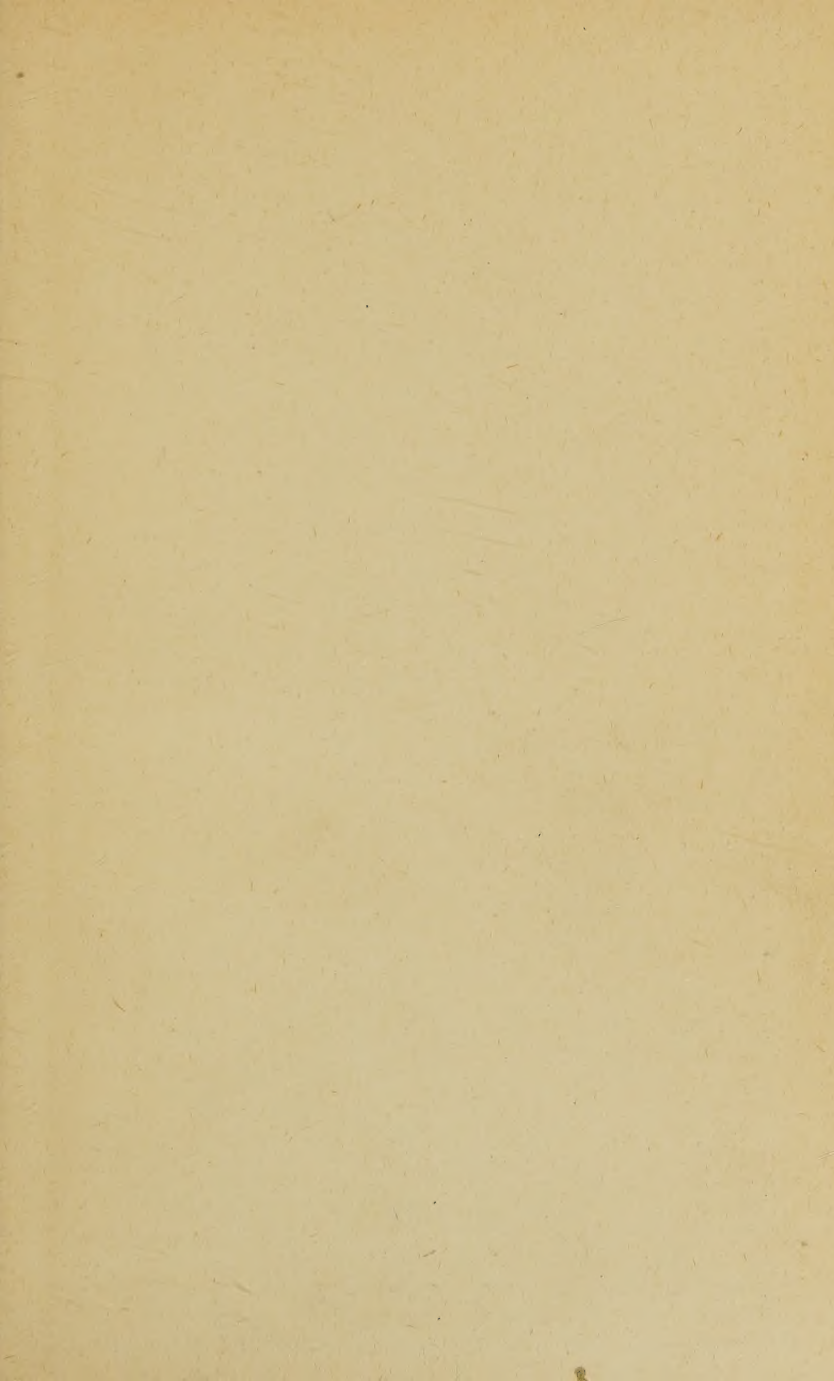


Fishin' fer Men



Timothy Stand-by





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TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

“If you go by my feelins I’m about thirty, but if you go by my yeers I’m sixty-seven. My feelins and my age is so far apart that they aint bin on speekin terms fer yeers.”

Fishin' fer Men

OR

The Redemshun of
Jeriko Kort House

By

Timothy Stand-by

(JOSEPH CLARK)



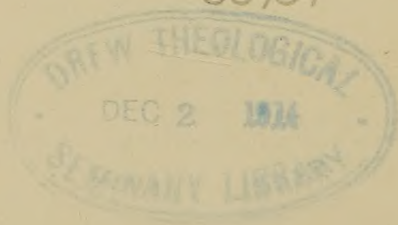
DRAWINGS BY
MARIE GRACE CLARK

Cincinnati:
JENNINGS AND GRAHAM

New York:
EATON AND MAINS

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By Joseph Clark

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Dedicated to the Memory

of

FATHER

Samuel Wellman Clark (1823-1892) who for thirty years was General Secretary of the New Jersey Sunday School Association (1861-1879 1882-1892); Enrollment Secretary of the World's First Sunday School Convention (London, 1889); Recording Secretary of the Sixth International Sunday School Convention (Pittsburg, 1889); on Editorial Staff of Sunday School Times (1879-1882); Editor and Publisher of "The Sunday School Blackboard" (1869-1874), thus introducing the use of the blackboard as a method of Bible Instruction in the Sunday school. He is known as the "Father of the Sunday School Blackboard."

and

MOTHER

Sarah Mayhew Clark (1832-1906), for forty years a pioneer in Organized Primary Sunday School Work; trained for service in the motherhood of a large family; one of the first Chautauqua Institute and Convention speakers on Elementary Teaching in Sunday Schools; founder of the Primary Union (Newark Infant Class Teachers' Association, 1870); twenty-five years teacher and President of the New York City Primary Union; lesson writer and constructor who trained thousands of young teachers for effective primary work; known in Sunday school history as "Mother of the Primary Union."

5 Mar '42B

Author's Preface

The twenty-four Timothy Stand-by letters combined in this volume were originally published as a serial in the *Adult Bible Class Monthly*, one of the Sunday-school publications of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the title "The Redemshun of Jeriko Kort House." In Timothy's provincial style they unfold a few of the activities of Organized Adult Bible Class work. They are written in semi-humorous vein, but with serious intent. Their object is not only to amuse, but to inspire and instruct.

The class activities and the incidents unfolded in these letters are not imaginary. They are real. The author has simply gathered them from the field of experience and thrown them into the program and life of a single class: "The Husslers."

The characters are genuine flesh-and-blood men and women, with new names. They too have been assembled from the field. In actuality they are not personally acquainted, but the author has met and knows them all.

The book, therefore, becomes a life-story as well as a hand-book on Adult Bible Class

Author's Preface

work. Its suggestions may be safely followed. The activity of the "Husslers" and the federated Organized Adult Classes of "Jeriko Kort House" worked out the redemption of the county seat. Such activities, faithfully and persistently continued, will produce like results in any community.

The book, therefore, is sent out with the prayer that it will awaken interest in the organization of Adult Bible Classes and will arouse those already organized to active altruistic service.

Joseph Clark

Columbus, Ohio, March 24, 1911.

Introduction

In 1899 Timothy Stand-by began writing his quaint Sunday-school letters which have since made him a familiar character to well-informed Sunday-school people the world round. He occupies such a warm place in the affections of Sunday-school workers that by thousands he is familiarly called "Uncle Timothy."

Timothy is an old-fashioned, deeply-religious, keen-witted, humorous yet reverential farmer-philosopher. He has little book-learning, but is blessed with the education of close observation and is richly endowed with common-sense. In the mature years of life he came to a new Sunday-school awakening through contact with interdenominational organized Sunday-school work. Timothy has always lived at Brush Fork, a rural town of three hundred, in which he is honored and respected as one of its first citizens.

Since his new birth in Sunday-school work he has been Superintendent of his Sunday-school and a faithful attendant upon his own township and county conventions, as well as upon the State, International, and World's con-

Introduction

ventions. He keeps, therefore, abreast of the times in Sunday-school development.

The greatest experience in Timothy's life was his journey to Jerusalem in 1904, to attend the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention. Just as he was trying to devise some plan by which he could gather the means to pay for the coveted trip, oil was discovered upon his farm, and Timothy became the proud possessor of an oil-well. The "Jerusalem" problem was at once solved, and Timothy has since been able to do many things he could not have done were it not for his oil money. About the only worry he has had since his good fortune is a fear that the oil-well will stop running; hence the closing sentence in each letter tells the good news that "the oil well's still a-runnin. Glory!"

In this book Timothy Stand-by addresses his letters to his brother Laban in Nebraska. Because of Timothy's experience in the adult class movement in his own school, he has become the counselor as well as an enthusiastic follower of the adult class movement at Jericho Court House, the county seat.

The problems of Organized Adult Bible Class work unfolded in "Fishin Fer Men" entitles the "Husslers" Class to recognition as one that has measured up to the "Standard of Service for Adult Classes" agreed to by the "International Sunday School Association" and



DAN SHERRY.

"The saloon-keeper in town looked mitey sollum-like, fer he saw in the percesshun the hand-ritin on the wall."

Introduction

the "Sunday School Council of Evangelical Churches," the requirements of which are as follows:

1. Increase the membership by 50 per cent during the year, or secure an equivalent increase through the organization of other classes.
2. Bibles used in the classes.
3. A definite contribution to missions.
4. Personal evangelism.
5. Other definite Christian work in the community.
6. Representation in Teacher-Training, Study Class, or Reading Course, with a view to larger service.

These letters are a distinct and valuable contribution to Sunday-school literature. The details of adult class organization and activity are made palatable in Timothy's humorous and characteristic style and will be read with relish. The sixteen original character sketches drawn by Marie Grace Clark add value to the story. The book should be in every Sunday-school library, in every pastor's and superintendent's library, in the hands of every officer and member of an adult class, and should be read by all teachers and friends of the Sunday-school.

Those who would know Timothy in the first letters—those which gave him his reputation—should read "Timothy Stand-by, the Sunday-school Man," published by the Sunday School Times Company, Philadelphia.

W. I. W.

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CHAPTER I

Kindlin an Adult Klass Blaze at the Kounty Seet

My Dear Bruther Laban:

It's just twenty yeer ago to-nite sinct you and Kate Decker stood up afore our mantle peece in the parler and wuz jined together by the preecher. It makes Marthy and me rite smart serius when we git to thinkin how the yeers has piled up sinct then. We wuz talkin about it last nite when Marthy wuz needin bread in the kichin, and it all kame up bekaws Marthy sed,

"Timothy, Laban's bin married twenty yeer to-morrer; wood you b'leeve it?"

"You mean *ten* yeer," sed I.

"No sir-e-e," sed Marthy, "I do n't mean no such thing; I mean *twenty* yeer. Yure wife do n't never make no mistakes on dates what's mixed up with our family history, spechully sinct she lernt how to fix things in her mind by the 'key' sistem. Laban Stand-by and Kate Decker wuz married when preecher Fagin wuz on the sirket, and that wuz twenty yeer ago.

Fishin' fer Men

They wuz married the next day after Aunt Cinthy died; and she died four days afore the Jeriko Kort House Bank bustid; and the bank bustid on the third day follerin St. Patrick's Day; and that's the day Sister Jennie's twin boys wuz born. I'll never fergit *that* day, fer I lost \$71.37 by that awful catasterfy. (I mean the bustin of the bank.) But I'm not complainin; fer the Lord's bin mitey good."

"Wall, I guess yure rite," sed I. "You've got the gratest hed in seventeen states fer figgers. If I had to carry on my brane *forty* happenins in order fer to remember *one*, my gray matter wood have bin reduced to nuthin long ago. Why didn't you say in the *beginin* that Laban and Kate wuz married on St. Patrick's Day?"

Havin agreed on the date, we begun to figger up the things what haz happined and the improvements what haz bin goin on in Sheepskin Kounty since yure weddin day, when you sot off fer yure ranch in Nebrasky. My! Laban. They're so menny they'd make a book. If you kame back East now you wuddent kno yure way round these parts.

In the first place Brush Fork's lots bigger than it wuz when you wuz here. We've got a barrel-stave facktry, and a spoke facktry what keeps wurkin all the yeer. Then we've got a tomater and corn-and-been kannin facktry

Kindlin an Adult Klass Blaze

what 's awful bizzy in the fall. Then we've got a railroad; fer the "Jeriko Kort House and Columbus Trackshun Line" runs threw the town every hour now. It starts at Jeriko Kort House and is bilt as far out as Juniper in the next kounty; but the road is staked off all the way to Columbus, sixty mile away, where it will land sum day. One of the electrick power plants is here at Brush Fork, and that gives rite smart of wurk to a few fokes. Then the oil boom hit Brush Fork six yeer ago, fer which the Stand-by famly is perfoundly thankful. Our oil-well's down in the barn lot, and its bin flowin steddy, off and on, fer five yeer, a pumpin out clost to \$15 a day. Glory! But, Laban, way down in our soles Marthy and I often gits rite smart anxious fer feer the good old oil well will stop runnin.

Then we've got a grate Methodist Sunday-skool now. I've bin Suprintendent of it fer four yeer, and the skool's a-hummin. Marthy's suprintendent of the Elementry Department (that's the old "infant-klass," split up into four grades, and streched out so's to take in yungsters up to twelve). Then our skool's graded, and we've got a home department and a teecher-trainin klass, and a credit-sistem for keepin of our reckords, and supplimentle wurk, and a permoshun day, and decishun days. But best of all we've got three orginized adult classes—one

Fishin' fer Men

fer men, one fer wimmin, and one fer mixed men and wimmin. And they're all a-wurkin like sixty. Evry week I put a peece about the klass in the "Brush Fork Buzzer" and send a few copies round to the preechers and suprintendents in nayborin towns, just fer to spred the fire.

Laban, *that's* one of the reezins why the orginized men's klass in the Methodist church at Brush Fork is the talk of the hole country in these parts. It's bin *a-doin sumthin!* The oldest fokes in Brush Fork aint never seen nuthin like it. The adult klass moovment in Ameriky, what's gathered thowsands of men in the Sunday-skool, is a-sweepin over the country like a prary fire. Why, Laban, you remember when you lived here that the Sunday-skool wuz nuthin but a place fer *kids*; but now we're havin as menny big fokes as yungsters in the skool—and *most of them is men*. Glory!

Laban Stand-by, if you don't git nuthin else out of this letter, I want you to kno that (next to our oil well) the most important thing what's happined in Brush Fork sinct you wuz married is the Orginized Men's Klass; and that's the reezun I'm so wurked up about it. And that's the reezun, too, why I'm just now so powerful interested in startin an adult-klass blaze down at the Kort House. Sinct the trolly line started up and we kin run down to Jeriko Kort House

Kindlin an Adult Klass Blaze

in haf an hqur whenever we take a noshun, the Kounty Seet seems only a peece off, kompared to what it wuz when we had to travel ate miles on the pike to git there. Yes, Laban, I'm about as much interested in the town doins at the Kort House now as I am here at Brush Fork.

You see, Laban, the beginnin of the Kort House Men's klass startid rite here in Brush Fork! When the Deestrick Konfrence wuz held here about a month ago, at the evenin sesshun, about ten minnits afore startin time, our Brush Fork Orginized Men's Klass of seventy-five members marched into the meetin house and took up the frunt seets. It wuz all so suddin-like that the preechers wuz kinder dazed. They wuz standin and sittin around the church in little nots a-vizitin, and the Elder wuz just takin off his coat, when the percesshun marched up the ile like a konkerin army. The last time the Deestrick Konfrence wuz held in Brush Fork, four yeer back, there wuz just seven men, and a hundred and seventeen wimmin in the congregashun, outside of the preechers. That wuz rite smart diffrent frum the marchin of the men.

My! Laban, when the Elder and the preechers saw the big men's klass marchin up the ile they cuddent bleeve there eyes. Preecher Korker, our new preecher, wuz smilin to beet the band. The klass haddent much mor'n got

Fishin' fer Men

sot afore Preecher Korker wuz besot by haf a dozen of the preechers to know how in the wurd he got so menny men together in a little town like Brush Fork. They pumped him hard fer the seekrit of it, and wanted to know all about the plan he wurked. It wuzzent on the program, Laban, but the last haf of the meetin that nite wuz took up by Squire Decker who wuz asked to tell the story of the Brush Fork Organized Men's Klass and what it wuz a-doin fer the church, fer the preecher, and fer the town. Afore he got haf threw sum of the preechers begun to git an Adult Klass vishun. But they did n't *all* git it.

In the diskussin what follered, Preecher Nocker, down to Juniper, sed the Adult Klass idee wuz a spasm what wood soon pass off.

Preecher Balker of Bald Nobs sed that he saw rite smart of danger in the Organized Adult Klass, and that after a wile the Organized Men's Klass wood be runnin the church and the preecher too; and he wuz agin ennythin what took the reins out of the preecher's hands.

Preecher Doolittle of Yallerbud sed that he had mor'n he wantid to do in hiz church alreddy, without havin a lot of organized men to bother with.

When they wuz diskussin, Marthy leened over to me and sed, confidin-like, "Timothy, way down in my sole I kinder bleeve them fel-



PREECHER BALKER.

"He wuz agin ev'rythin what took the reins out of the
preecher's hands."

Kindlin an Adult Klass Blaze

lers belongs to the sect kalled 'Pessermists;' like the fokes in the Scriptur, 'Eyes have they, but they see not, and understandins have they but they understand not.'" I tell you, Laban, some preechers is only human after all.

The liveliest preecher in the bunch at Dees-trick Konfrence wuz Preecher P. R. O'Gressive, the Irish orater, down to the Kounty Seet. He put up at our house, and we could skarse git him to bed after the meetin fer talkin about the Men's Klass. He wuz ded sot on havin me help him git an adult klass startid in Jeriko Kort House. Afore midnite I'd promised to kum down to the Kounty Seet Monday week, and meet hiz suprintendent and the teecher of their Bible Klass in a konfrence fer startin a blaze fer an Orginized Men's Klass in the Jeriko Kort House Methodist Skool. Glory!

Well, Laban, I went. Preecher P. R. O'Gressive and the suprintendent and the Bible Klass teecher wuz there, and we got down to bizness instanter (as preecher Korker sez). The preecher of korse did n't need to be wurked up. The suprintendent's name is Passive, the dry-goods merchant. He's bin suprintendent fer twelve yeer, and did n't know nuthin about the new moovment among the men. So in him I had what we farmers call virjin soil. The yung Bible Klass teecher is Alonzo Hussle, one of the finest yung fellers I ever sot eyes on.

Fishin' fer Men

He's suprintendent of the shoe facktry, and bosses about 200 men and 300 girls. He haz stock in the facktry besides, and is a mixer from the ground up.

It didn't take *him* long to ketch on to the poserbilities of an Organized Adult Klass. I haddent much mor'n throwed out the line afore he took bate, hook, sinker and all. No trubble catchin *him*. I knowed from the start that the Organized Adult Klass Moovment wood go if such a feller as Lon Hussle wuz at the hed of it.

But Suprintendent Passive wuzzent such an eezy propersishun. You see, Laban, that he's bin goin along in the good-old-way fer a good menny yeer, and he fites shy of the things what's too new. He konfessed that he *had* red sumthin about orginized klasses in the Jurnal, and had onct or twict looked threw a sample copy of the Adult Klass Monthly, but that he wuzzent even warmed up on the subjeck yet.

Well, Laban, I found *that* out, without his tellin me, afore the evenin wuz gone. He kinder looked at me the way I look at a permoter of a gold mine when he wants to talk me into buyin stock. But I went on with my story, and got rite smart excited afore I got threw. Afore we ajurned that nite he sed that he had no *objeckshun* to the new idee, and that if it wuz startid in Jeriko Kort House, he wood put

Kindlin an Adult Klass Blaze

nuthin *agin* it, and wood wish it well; but he cuddent see that much good wood kum out of it fer ennybuddy, and it wood give sumbuddy lots of work.

Well, Laban, we talked the hole evenin, and when it wuz all afore the Konfrence the bretherin all kinder looked to me fer to pint out how to go ahead. Laban, it wuz made cleer to me then why the Lord wantid me at that meetin: I wuz to be the bred-and-milk poultis what wuz to draw the gatherin to a hed.

"Look here, Bruther Hussle," sed I, "why not start the thing by invitin yure Bible Klass of seven men down to yure private offis at the shoe facktry sum evenin to talk over a new skeem fer the Klass, and ask each feller to bring another feller with him?"

At that Lon jumped to hiz feet and said: "I'll do er. We'll have a meetin a week from next Friday nite." I tell you, Laban, I pretty nigh took a shout when Lon Hussle sed that, fer I knowed that *that* ment that the adult klass moovment at Jeriko Kort House wuz lunched.

Both the preecher and the suprintendent thawt it wood be better fer them not to attend the meetin, but to let it be a Simon-pure lay-man's moovment. Laban, that wuz one of the wisest things that wuz settled that nite.

When the meetin is held, I'll tell you all

Fishin' fer Men

about it, fer I've bin invited to be there to kinder spur the thing along.

O, Laban, life's wurth livin these days!
With a wide-awake preecher at Brush Fork in
Preecher Korker, with a big boomin men's klass
what's a-growin, with a Sunday-skool what's
a-hummin, with an Adult Klass at the Kounty
Seet what's a-kummin, and an oil well what's
a-runnin, the Stand-by famly's walkin on air.
Marthy sends her luv to you and Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER II

The Kalled Meetin in the Shoe Facktry

Deer Bruther Laban:

I 've bin watchin fer clost onto a week to git a chance to tell you how the adult klass skeem is gittin along at the Kounty Seet.

Sumhow I kant think of nuthin else in these days but Sunday-skool wurk and the wunderful doins and posserbilities of the adult klass moovment. Since the Deestrick Konfrence at Brush Fork I've bin doin skarse nuthin else of nites but anserin letters frum preechers about our Brush Fork men's klass. When the men marched up the ile of our church at the nite sesshun of the Deestrick Konfrence evry one of the preechers wuz expozed to the adult-klass fever, and most of them took it bad, fer which I've bin praisin the Lord day and nite. In the langwage of the Samist, "*Blessed is the man what knows a good thing when he sees it.*" Glory!

Well, the kalled meetin of Lon Hussle's Bible klass at hiz offis in the shoe facktry wuz held last Friday nite. I started fer the meetin

Fishin' fer Men

in the afternoon so's to spend a cupple of hours with sister Mandy, who lives clost to the shoe facktry. I wuz rite smart serprized to find that the news about the little meetin at the parsonage haddent leaked out; so Mandy did n't have no inklin of what had bin goin on. Mebby she wuzzent took back when I told her about the awakenin of Preecher P. R. O'Gressive at the Deestrick Konfrence, and of the meetin of Suprintendent Passive and Lon Hussle and the preecher at the parsonage, and of the kalled meetin of Lon Hussle's klass that very nite at the shoe facktry.

Mandy did n't say nuthin. Ackordin to the sine down by the railroad krossin she just "looked and lissined." When I got threw with my story and she'd quit lissinin, she kept rite on lookin fer two minnits; then she broke out, excited-like, and sed.

"Timothy Stand-by, what's good fer *men* is good fer *wimmin*. Do n't you never think that you men are goin to git ahed of the wimmin. I'll give you notis now that there'll be an orginized klass of *wimmin* in the Jeriko Kort House Methodist Episkiple Church, and do n't you fergit it! I've nothin to say agin yure kummin down to the Kort House to help the *men*, but if yure goin to obey the Skripter writ by Paul to yure namesake, you'll not fergit that he sed, '*Timothy, help them wimmin.*'"

The Meetin in the Shoe Facktry

I tell you, Laban, when sister Mandy once gits rouzed up, and begins quotin Skripter at a feller he mite as well throw up both hands and surrender to onct. I kin see rite now that I'm goin to have *two* jobs on my hands at the Kort House; fer afore the men's klass is much mor'n startid a wimmin's klass will be trampin on its heels, and it'll keep the men a jumpin to keep at the hed of the percesshun. Laban, *when the adult-klass idee onct begins to spred in a kommunity, the meezils izzent in it.*

Mandy had supper erly, and at seven o'clock I started fer the shoe facktry. The nite wuz cleer and good fer the meetin. When I got close to the facktry I saw Lon Hussle standin on the offis steps waitin fer the fellers to show up.

"Good evenin, Bruther Stand-by," sed Lon, "yure the first one heer. Yure spry enuf to pass off fer the yungest feller in the bunch."

"Well," sed I, "if you go by my feelins, I rekon yure not fer off, fer I feel about thirty; but if you go by my yeers I'm sixty-seven. My feelins and my age is so fer apart that they haint bin on speekin terms for years. Yes, Bruther Hussle, I kame erly so's to shake hands with the klass afore the meetin took up. You know, Lon, that I've knowed some of these fellers lots longer than you have."

Fishin' fer Men

It wuzzent long afore they begun to kum, and by haf past seven six members of the klass and four viziters wuz on hand, besides Lon Hussle and yure bruther Timothy.

The meetin wuz held in the direckters' room. There wuz a long table in the middle, and we all sot in big arm chairs round the table. I tell you, Laban, it looked rite smart like bizness. Lon Hussle wuz at the hed of the table and I sot next to him on the rite. Glory!

Across the table from me, and next to Lon Hussle, sot Stant Needles, one of the members of the klass. He's about thirty and is as fine a feller as the Lord ever made. He's the teller at Jeriko Kort House Bank, where the Stand-by famly keeps its oil-well ackount. Stant knows nigh on to all the fokes in these parts. He allers wares a smile, and is poplar all over the kounty. Sumhow fokes finds out that Stant Needles is a Christian without bein told. I wuz *shure* he'd take up with the adult klass skeem.

Next to him sot Dick Weever, the marble cutter. He belongs to Lon's klass too, and attends reglar. Dick's marble shop is the place where the Jeriko Kort House stove committee is allers in sesshun. Evrybuddy what drops in takes a free hand in debatin whatever question's up. I wuz kinder puzzled to know how the adult-klass skeem would strike Dick. If it

The Meetin in the Shoe Facktry

hit him on the *wether* side he 'd be sot ded agin it; but if it hit him on the *kam* side he 'd be into the skeem with both feet.

Next to Dick Weever sot Klint Stevenson, the farmer. He 's another member of Lon's klass. He 's bin a church member fer yeers, but he aint never broke hiz neck wurkin at it. He 's mitey independent in hiz thinkin, and is rite smart skeptikle. I wuzzent quite shure how Klint would take up with the adult-klass skeem, but I knowed that if he onct got hooked on to it he 'd pull fer all he 's wurth.

Next to Klint sot Al Shaver, the barber. He wuz at the meetin as a viziter. I wuz mitey serprized to see Al there, for he don't take much stock in relijun. He sez he takes out hiz relijun in belongin to lodges. He wurks at the lodge bizness most as much as he wurks at barberin. His wife 's a good prayin church member. She goes to prayer meetin evry week and prays loud and long fer her wayward husband. That 's the reezin why Al don't go to church, and I kinder bleeve too that *that* 's the reezin why he goes to lodges so much. He likes to be with a krowd of men. That 's why he wuz at the kalled meetin.

Next to Al sot Tom Gilbert, the dentist. He 's a bachler. He 's anuther member of Lon's klass. He haz rite smart of relijun fer one of his kallin. Ever sinct I went threw the ag-

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ginny of havin an upper set of store teeth fit to my gums I aint had no speshul love fer dentists. But, fer all that, Tom's a mitey fine feller. He's seckerterry of the Sheepskin Kounty Bildin and Lone Associashun. I thawt that I saw in him a good klass seckerterry.

Next to Tom sot Perfesser Ray, suprintendent of skools in Jeriko Kort House. He's a tall, dignerfied feller, and allers carries a grammer or a rithmetick or a spellin book or what he kalls a Kickero under hiz arm. He's the oldest member in Lon's klass. He's stiff and perpindickler-like, and stands up so strate that he leens over backwards. He's allers present at Sunday-skool five minnits afore the startin bell rings, with a singin book in hand reddy to start on the first note when the hym's sung. He never gits excited over ennythin, but I knowed he be in favor of the orginized men's klass, if it wood be good fer the men of the Kounty Seet.

Next to Perfesser sot Will Eppes. He's a clerk in a shoe store and one of the best Christian fellers in town. He started in the good and narrer way when he wuz a boy, and he aint never got out. Bless the Lord! Sum yeers back he wuz Sunday-skool suprintendent. He's almost the only suprintendent that I kin remember what had relijun enuff to keep on wurkin in the Sunday-skool after he got out of



PERFESSER RAY.

"He allers karries a grammer, or a rithmatick, or a spellin book, or what he kalls a 'Kickero' under hiz arm."

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offis. Of korse *he'd* be in fer the new adult-klass skeem.

The three other viziters wuz Ed. Colyer, the taylor, a member of the skool board, John Allen, the jeweler, and Dutch Jake Zundell, a kutter at the shoe facktry. He's only bin in this country a few munths. When I asked him if he spoke English he sed, "Yoost a leedle; not *too much*," fer all of wich I wuz thankful.

Laban, when I had sized up that bunch I wuz shure the men's klass would go if it ever got started; and way down in my sole I shouted Glory!

Well, the boys had skarse got sot afore Lon Hussle pushed hiz chair back and stood up and made a speech.

"Boys," sed Lon, "I've asked you down here to-nite to talk over a skeem fer makin the men of our church and our town count fer sumthin good in the kommunity. Evry man what's bin keepin hiz ear to the ground in these days knows that a wave of rychusness among men is just now sweepin over this country. A feller do n't have to wear eye glasses in order fer to see it both in pollyticks and relijun. In the church it is expressin itself in brutherhoods and klubs, and in the Sunday-skool it is takin the form of orginized adult classes. Durin the past few yeers sevrал hundred thowsand men have kum into the Sunday-skool threw orgi-

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nized adult classes, and they are gittin under the problems of the church and the kcommunity and are doin things wurth wile. Towns haz bin cleaned up; saloons are bein put out of bizness, and men are wurkin fer to help men.

"Az you all kno, I've bin teecher of a klass of seven men in the Jeriko Kort House Methodist Episkiple Sunday-skool. Six of that klass is here tonite, besides four viziters we picked out to jine us in a moovment to help the men of Jeriko Kort House. In our nayborin village of Brush Fork, in the Methodist Sunday-skool, there's an orginized adult klass of seventy-five members, and they're doin grate things fer God. I feel that we should have one heer, and I have called this meetin fer to konsider the posserbility of makin my klass an orginized klass, with you fellers az the charter members. I've invited Bruther Timothy Stand-by, suprintendent of the Brush Fork Sunday-skool, to tell us what we should do to konvert this meetin into an orginized klass. Permit me to interduce to you our esteemed naybor and friend, Timothy Stand-by of Brush Fork."

Well, Laban, I did n't lose no time in perliminerries. I went at it to onct and sed:

"Boys, if this heer meetin turns out all rite, it will be the best meetin ever held in the Kounty Seet. When you orginize this klass I bleeve it meens the redemshun of Jeriko Kort

The Meetin in the Shoe Facktry

House. If the klass is orginized it won't no longer be Alonzo Hussle's klass. If you want him still to be yure teecher you kin elect him, but the klass is not hiz. The klass will govern *itself* and plan fer itself. It bekums an orginizashun. It will have its own offisers. It will elect a president, vice-president, seckerterry, trayzurer, and a teecher, and it will appint a membership kommittee, a soshul kommittee, and a devoshunal kommittee. It will have a klass name and a klass motto. It will spend lots of time fishin' fer the men of the church and the kommunity. It will be a part of the Sunday-skool and will be tied up to it, and will hold its meetins at the Sunday-skool hour in konneckshun with the Sunday-skool. It will study the Bible. If it duz all of this it will be an orginized klass akordin to the Internashunal Standard of Adult Klass Orginizashun, and on fillin out an aplikashun blank and sendin it on to the Board of Sunday Skools of the Methodist Episkiple Church at Chicago, or to the State Sunday Skool Associashun, it will git a 'Certificate of Recognishun,' and a number, and will bekum a part of the great worldwide Federashun of Adult Bible Classes. Then the members of the klass can ware the adult klass pin—a red button, with a wite center, which means a cleen life threw the blood of Jesus. When this is dun *then the klass will be*

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reddy for bizness. You've got enuff fellers here to start the thing tonite, and I hope the thing will be done afore this meetin closes."

Well, Laban, things moved rapid frum that on. The boys kept me on my feet fer an hour askin questions and probin into the skeem, and the more they probed the more they saw in it. The only feller what kicked, just as I expected, wuz Klint. The rest of the boys jined and promised to have anuther feller with them at the bizness meetin next Friday nite. Glory!

They appinted a kommittee to send fer a form of constitushun, and to report at the next meetin. The kommittee is to have it reddy, with a klass name and a klass motto. The fellers all promised to be out to Sunday-skool next Sunday, and to bring anuther feller if posserble. The meetin lasted till ten o'clock, and after a wurd of prayer by Perfesser Ray, ajurned.

O, Laban, things will be a-goin sum in the Kounty Seet frum this on. Glory! Glory! Glory! I'll keep you posted. Give my luv to Kate. The oil well's still a-runnin, fer wich we're all thankful.

Yures truly,
TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER III

Gathering Up a Bunch of Charter Members

Deer Bruther Laban:

Last Friday, when the paper boy dropped the "Brush Fork Buzzer" over the gate Marthy got hold of it quicker 'n skat, and within five minnits she wuz into it up to her eyes. When Marthy gits into the "Buzzer" there's nuthin doin in the Stand-by famly till she has red evry line of it frum start to finish. When she got thru with last week's paper she, az usual, wuz about up-to-date on the town and kounty doins.

She knowed who's a-vizitin in the nayborhood and who aint. She knowed who's married and who's sick, and who's bin away, and who's kum home, and who's put up a new fence, and who's paintid his house, and whose baby's swallered pins, and what famlys haz the meezils, and who's swapped horses, and who's ded, and who's born, and whose dogs wuz mad and got shot, and what preechers haz bin out of town, and whose legs haz bin broke, and what show's a-kummin, and whose cow wuz struck

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by litenin, and who's goin to preech at Plum Creek, and who lost a pocket book, and a thousand other things what's skarse wurth knowin.

Then she took off her glasses and foldid up the paper, like she allers duz, and put it on the shelf, and sed, "The 'Buzzer's rite smart of a paper; but I wunder why it did n't say nuthin about Sam Puttyman's hired man a-runnin of a rusty nail in hiz foot. The editor must be out of town, I guess."

"Wuz there nuthin in the 'Buzzer' about the Organized Men's Klass down to the Kort House?" sed I.

"Nary a wurd," sed Marthy.

"Well, that's strange," sed I. "I'd like rite well to know how things is goin in the kanvass fer charter members."

I haddent mor'n got them wurds out of my mouth than I detarmined to go down to the Kort House on Monday and see how the Adult Klass skeem is flurishin.

Well, Laban, that's what I did, and I am glad to tell you that the Adult Klass skeem at the Kort House is a-flurishin like a green bay tree. Marthy allers objects to my sayin that ennythin *good* can flurrish "*like a green bay tree*," fer she sez that *that* remark in the Skriptur is made about the *wicked*. But, to my no-shun, the wicked haz had a korner on that "green bay tree" long enuff; and if green bay

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trees and flurishin go together, we'll tie up the Adult Klass to a green bay tree fer a wile, and see how the green bay tree likes the kompany of *good fokes*. Glory!

Let me see; in my last letter I rote about the meetin in the shoe facktry. Well, Laban, frum that on things begun to moov. On the follerin Sunday every last one of the fellers in the shoe-facktry meetin wuz at Sunday-skool. And they wuz all there *on time*. Most of them wuz there afore Suprintendent Passive, fer he allers kums walkin in when the last bell is ringin. He's fat, and by the time he gits to the platform he's out of wind. So he genrally haz to wait five minnits fer to git hiz breth afore he kin open the skool.

The Husslers wuz a-smilin like a summer mornin, and they all shook hands with Suprintendent Passive and give him a good welkum, just like as if he wuz a brand-new skollar. Suprintendent Passive wuz kinder took back by such a perseedin. He got red in the face and did n't like it enny too much. He went over to the sexton and asked him, kinder quiet-like, what wuz going on this mornin to fetch such a lot of men out to skool afore the last bell rung. The sexton sed that *he* did n't kno, fer the hole thing wuz a serprize-party to him. He'd bin tryin hard to figger out what it all ment, and he'd give it up.

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Of korse Lon Hussle wuz there, lookin as happy as a June mornin, and Preecher P. R. O'Gressive wuz shinin like a trolly car hed-lite. When Suprintendent Passive hit the bell fer the signal to kum to order Lon's klass wuz in their seets sittin up strate as barber poles. The yungsters and the yung wimmin what kame stringin in durin the openin exersizes stared at the men's klass az if it wuz an air ship—all bekaws Lon's klass of seven men and three new members wuz all prezent, and made a bunch of men bigger than the skool ever saw together in Sunday-skool afore. The wimmin's klass wuz lookin kinder jellus-like, and Al Shaver's boy, what's bin a terrer to hiz teecher, wuz almost like an angel bekaws hiz paw wuz sittin in the klass behind him where he could keep an eye on the yungster.

At the close of the lesson that day Lon give notis to the klass that the kampain fer new members wood begin on the next mornin, and he give to each feller a list of ten names. Evry feller had the same list. Lon had sot hiz hed on gittin *ten new members* by next Friday nite, when the meetin fer orginizashun wood be kalled, and when the charter members wood sine the charter.

You see, Laban, that ment that each one of the ten men on the list wood be *invited ten times* afore next Friday nite to jine the klass

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and bekum charter members of the Organized Men's Klass of the Methodist Episkiple Church of Jeriko Kort House.

And you 'd orter see the men what Lon had got hiz eye sot on fer the new members. There wuz Judge Carpenter, one of the pillers of the church what wuz never knowed to kum to Sunday-skool. Why, he's the last man I'd tackle, fer he's rite smart dignerfied, and haz so much money and book larnin, and seems to be above common fokes.

Then there wuz Jim Gayman, the member of the Legislatur from Sheepskin Kounty. Who'd ever thawt of tacklin him but Lon Hussle? Then there wuz George Pearce, the druggist, what allers lived kinder within himself, and never sez nuthin much to ennybuddy. Lige Kramer wuz on the list. Why, Lige gits into the *saloon* lots mor'n he goes ennywhere else. I never saw him in church except to a funeral. He *allers* goes to funerals. Then there wuz Albert Coe, the hardware man, what gives most of hiz spare time to lodges. Why, he's seen most of the wurld, fer he told me that he'd bin frum east to west and back agin, and that's an awful long ways. Dan Williams wuz on the list. He's president of the shoe company, and is the richest man in town. Perfesser Davis, the principle of the High skool, wuz on the list, and so wuz Billy Sprague, the post-

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master, and Bert Higgins, the miller, and George Dibble, the Kounty Klerk. You see, Laban, that Lon wuz goin after *big game* frum the very start.

Well, it wurked all rite. I wuz at the meetin last Friday nite. It wuz held in the direckters' room at the bank on the invite of Stant Needles. And what a meetin it wuz! Instead of there bein *ten* present, like there wuz at the shoe facktry, there wuz *seventeen*. Three of the ten new ones wuddent kum. They did n't egg-sackly refuse, but they wantid a little more time. They sed they did n't need enny more *invitashuns*, fer *ten had bin a-plenty*. It wuz more fun than a cirkus—excuse me, Laban, I mean a menagery—to heer the fellers tell how they captured the seven new members. It wuz the ten vizzits frum ten men that did it. They just cuddent stand the pressure.

The best thing about the bunch of new members wuz that they seemed so tickled to think that they wuz *reely wantid* in the Sunday-skool. Most of them sed that they used to go to Sunday-skool till they got to be about fifteen; then they left. They saw that there wuz no men in the Sunday-skool, and they'd left so's to be where the *men* were. The bunch took up with the noshun of *orginizin fer bizness*, and they sed if the klass did n't mean *bizness* they did n't intend to jine.

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I tell you, Laban, when I saw them seventeen men all reddy to jine in the Adult Klass skeem and *do somethin wurth wile* fer Jeriko Kort House I kame nigh lettin out a reglar kamp-meetin shout. *Glory!*

Lon Hussle aktid as chairman of the meetin. After a prayer by Judge Carpenter he kalled fer the report of the Kommittee on Konstitooshun. Stant Needles wuz the chairman of the Kommittee. He sed that they had looked over sevral konstitooshuns, long and short, and that the kommittee wuz of the opinyon that the best of the lot wuz the one got out by the Internashunal Sunday Skool Associashun, which he perseeded to reed. When he quit Judge Carpenter sed, "That 's all rite;" and that about settled it, fer when Judge Carpenter sez a thing is all rite, it *is* all rite. The Konstitooshun was passed "*stee-ri-a-tim*"—whatever that is—ennyway it wuz steered slow-like, just one artickle at a time, till they kum to the end.

Then they all sined the Konstitooshun. When the fellers wuz doin this I wuz havin a kamp-meetin way down in my sole, whisperin "Glory!"

When the Konstitooshun wuz adopted and sined, then they elecktid offisers. Stant Needles wuz electid President, Judge Carpenter, Vice-President, Thomas Gilbert, Seckerterry, Ed Colyer, Trayzurer, and Lon Hussle, teecher.

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The Membership Kommittee is Perfesser Davis, Albert Coe, and George Dibble. The Soshul Kommittee is Dan Williams, John Allen, and Dick Weever. The Devoshunal Kommittee is Perfesser Ray, Will Eppes, and Lon Hussle.

I wuz rite smart interested in selectin of a name fer the klass. About evry feller had a diffrent name, and none of them seemed to soot. Of korse I kept my thinker a-wurkin all the time, and I kept askin the Lord to help the boys git a good name, when all to onct I thawt that it wood be a splendid thing if the boys could honor Lon in some way, and instanter there popped into my brane the wurd "Husslers." The minnit I spoke that wurd a duzzen of the boys sed, "*There's our name!*" So the name of the Men's Klass is "*The Husslers!*" *Glory!*

Then kame the selectin of a motto. Stant Needles had been to the State Konvenshun and he perposed that we fix up a motto sumthin like the State Konvenshun motto. And it's a good one, too: "*We're Husslin fer Bizness, or We've Got no Bizness to be Husslin.*" *Glory!*

Then somebuddy perposed that they have a klass yell, and Perfesser Davis had one all reddy that took like the hoopin koff. Here it is:

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Strawberry short-kake,
Huckleberry pie!
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!
'Are we busy? Well I gess,
Husslers! Husslers!
Yes! Yes! Yes!

Laban, you'd orter have herd the boys give that yell. Even Judge Carpenter fergot that he wuz dignerfied. He sed that he felt like as if he wuz back onct more in hiz college days. They practiced it fer ten minnits, until the fokes what lives up over the bank sent up the nite watchman to order no more noys like that durin sleepin hours. *Glory!*

When the meetin wuz out the last car had left fer Brush Fork, and I put down to Sister Mandy's fer to stay all nite. She'd gone to bed, but she wuz glad to git up and let her Bruther Timothy in at enny time of the nite.

I hadden't mor'n got in the door afore Mandy sed, "Timothy, what wuz that awful yellin up town tonite? It sounded like the High Skool Boys kummin back frum a football game."

"Why, them's the 'Husslers,'" sed I, "the new Organized Adult Klass of Jeriko Kort House Methodist Episkiple Church."

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Laban, all that Mandy sed wuz, "*Fer the land's sake!*" Then I slid off to bed.

O, Laban, the thing 's startid good now. Old Jeriko Kort House will be redeemed yet when the Adult Klass gits a-wurkin.

The oil well give us a mitey skare last week, fer the pump broke down and it kinder looked as if we 'd have to lose our \$15 a day fer a few days, but we got it fixed last nite and the oil well's still a-runnin. Glory!

Marthy jines me in luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER IV

Makin Krooked Places Strate

Deer Bruther Laban:

Do you kno that its bin a hole munth sinct I rote your last letter? Well, it haz! And it's bin a munth of mitey lively adult-klass doins down to the Kort House. Why, the Husslers is just takin the town; and, ackordin to promise, the Lord is makin all the krooked places strate. Suprintendent Passive, what give the new orginized klass a kold sholder, haz kum round all rite. I wuzzent lookin fer *that*, fer he wuz so ded sot that I thawt nuthin wood budge him. It took Stant Needles to fix him, and he did it so slick that I've bin smilin ever sinct when I think how eezy it wuz dun.

The very next Sunday after the meetin in the bank fer orginizashun, and wile Dave Passive wuz feelin kinder kross-eyed agin the new moovment, when the classes wuz all kalled to order after the lesson, Stant Needles got up and sed that the State Sunday Skool Konvenshun wuz goin to be held next week at Springfield, only twenty mile away, and he thawt that

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the Jeriko Kort House Methodist Episkiple Skool orter send sumbuddy to attend it and bring back to the skool sum of the good things what is sed and dun. He said that the new orginized adult klass, of which he wuz president, wished to moov that Suprintendent Passive be electid frum our skool *with expenses paid*.

Squire Titewad, the skool trayzurer, riz to onct and sed that there wuzzent enuff money in the trayzury to run the skool *now*, and they haddent paid fer last quarter's lesson leeves yet, and he wuz agin sendin *ennybuddy* to *enny* konvenshun when the skool wuz skrapin the bottom of its flour barl.

All this time Stant wuz on his feet waitin fer to git a word in, and just as soon as Squire Titewad got threw, he sed, "I fergot to say when I made the moshun that the Husslers had asked me to say that they *wanted the playzure of payin the bill*."

Wile all this wuz goin on the Husslers over in the corner wuz wisperin and havin a quiet-like konversashun, and Judge Carpenter, the vice-president, sed, "All in faver, say 'I.'" The skool kinder stared over to the Husslers to see what they wuz a-votin on on the sly, and afore ennybuddy had a chance to figger it out, Stant spoke out onct more and sed, "The Husslers haz just took a vote that they'd *pay enny back bill* what wuz owin fer lesson leeves;

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fer the Husslers do n't never intend to belong to a skool what's *in det.*" Then he went rite on and sed, "All what's in favor of sendin Suprintendent Passive to the State Konvenshun with expenses paid by the Husslers will please say 'I.'"

Evrybuddy in the skool, except Squire Titewad and Dave Passive, votid "I."

"And now," sed Stant, "evrybuddy what's in faver of permittin the Husslers to pay the bill fer lesson leeves, say 'I.'"

And the vote wuz unanermus, Trayzurer Titewad votin lots lowder than ennybuddy else.

It wuz all dun so quick-like that it wuz over afore Dave Passive could deklined. The fackt is that, way down underneeth evrythin else, Dave wuz mitey tickled to be electid. At evry Kounty electshun fer yeers he's run fer sum offis, and he's lost out so menny times that he's glad to be electid to *ennything*—speshully when it do n't kost him nuthin.

Well, Laban, Dave went to the Konvenshun and took hiz wife with him. And sister Mandy went too. Mandy sed that Dave haddent bin in the Konvenshun a day afore all the rinkles wuz smoothed out of him, and he wuz on fire fer ennything what the Konvenshun stood fer. Glory!

He wuz just krazy about the adult klass perrade. He marched in it frum beginnin to

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end, and carried a banner what sed, "*Train up a child in the way he should go, and go that way yourself.*" He wore in the perrade a big round card as big as a buckwheat kake. It wuz cullered red with a wite spot in the middle, like the adult klass pin. He bawt fifty of the pancake badges in the Bazar fer the Husslers to ware on Rally Day.

O, he's all rite now, Laban. The State Konvenshun kured him of his adult klass dispepsy in one dose. Glory!

You 'd skarse beleeve it, Laban, but the Husslers has fifty-nine members now and they've startid a kampane fer a hundred, with the motto "*Ten a week till we git there!*" I tell you, Laban, things is a-goin sum. Glory!

There seems now to be only two diffikulties ahed of the klass. The first is the time the klass is now havin with Squire Titewad. He's kickin bekaws the Husslers keeps a quarter of their kolleckshun evry Sunday and puts it into their own trayzury. He sez, "That's not akordin to the Dissiplin," and he's goin to bring the hole matter up afore the Quarterly Konference. Last Sunday after the klass had took out one quarter of the kolleckshun fer itself, the three quarters it give to the skool amounted to \$2.16 as agin twenty cents what the klass used to give afore it wuz orginized.

I met the Squire at the Kort House last

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week when I went down to pay my taxes, and I jumped on to him fer his foolishness. He got mad rite off, and begun beratin the klass. I saw to onct that he wuz agin the hole thing. He sed: "Look hear, Timothy Stand-by, the Husslers is *too mitey independent*. Think of their havin a klass president and a lot of officers! What on earth does the klass need of a *trayzurer*? Evry last cent of the klass kolleckshun orter go into the *skool* trayzury, and help pay the skool expenses, and if there's ennything left it orter go to the preecher or sum other charity. Last Sunday the klass kolleckshun wuz \$2.88, and the klass kept 72 cents fer itself, and turned over to the skool only \$2.16. It's a burnnin shame; and the Lord wont bless fokes what keeps back part of their money. Lon Hussle orter teeche to the klass onct more the lesson of Annernias who 'kept back part of the price.'"

Then the Squire lost hiz kompass and got kleen off of the money question. He just pitched into the klass rite and left. Goin rite on, he sed:

"Just think of a Sunday-skool klass goin off by itself on a week-nite and havin a privit meetin, and elecktin officers and kommittees, and gittin a big krowd of fellers what hazzent never kum to Sunday-skool fer years, and runnin them in the skool in droves, and upsettin

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the established order and reglar doins of the skool. I'll tell you, Timothy, it aint rite!"

"Why, look here, Squire," sed I, "you've got the rong noshun about this thing. Why, do n't you know that sum churches would bild an annex, and furnish it, and be glad of the chance, if forty or fifty men would start to Sunday-skool fer bizness?"

"Praps *they would*," sed the Squire, "but *I wuddent*. The hole thing's just a *spasm*, and it'll all die out afore Chrismus."

"Have you tried to encurrage the men, Squire?" sed I. "Have you told the fellers that you wuz glad to see such a bunch of men in the skool?"

"No!" sed the Squire, "*nur I do n't intend to!* They're too thick now. They're swarmin into the skool like lokusts in Egypt; and first thing we kno they'll be drivin out the boys and girls. It's a sientific fackt that when big game gits into a forest the little game skips out."

"Not when they're the same kind of game," sed I. The Squire did n't notis that remark, but went rite on.

"Why, Timothy Stand-by, there wuzzent enuff chairs in Lon's klass last Sunday to seet the fellers. The klass spred all over that kornor of the Sunday-skool room. I had to moov two klasses of sweet little girls to make room enuff fer them. I tell you, Bruther Timothy,



SQUIRE TITEWAD.

"The hole thing's a spasm, and it 'll all die
out afore Krismus."

Makin Krooked Places Strate

this men's klass bizness will brake up the skool!"

The Squire was going at a forty-mile clip then, and I just cuddent stop him.

"And now the Husslers wants to have Miss Sanford's room," sed the Squire. "Why, Timothy, Miss Sanford haz had the lecture room fer her klass of girls fer four yeers. She haz six in her klass, and they 're allers there. I tell you, Timothy Stand-by, it's a shame fer a lot of big grown-up men to so fergit their breedin az to try to krowd six innersent, cunnin little girls out of their room."

"Squire," sed I, "how menney will the leckture room seet?"

"Nigh on to sixty, without krowdin, and seventy by krowdin sum," sed the Squire. "And when the doors is open into the little room jinin I spose mor'n a hundred could git in."

"Well, Squire," sed I, "if *I* had ennythin to say about it there wouldn't be no question about *that* matter. The Husslers would have that room or I'd bust, fer if the skool offisers *do n't enkurrage and take care of the klass, they'll kill it*; and az fer the money, evry adult klass orter have sum money of its own. The fact is, they orter keep *half* of their kolleckshun. If the Husslers is goin to do bizness, and make the klass amount to ennythin, they need *money of their own*. They want some money

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fer printin invitashuns, and helpin the sick, and the poor, and to do sumthin speshul fer mishuns, and a hundred other things what's too numerus to menshun. Where would the Husslers have got the money to pay the back bill on lesson leeves if it haddnt a trayzury of its own? I tell you, Squire Titewad, the *men* carries the pockit books, and they'll shell out the money whenever they git intrested. Watch out that you don't kill the goose what lays the golden egg."

"Well, what shall I do about it, Bruther Stand-by?" sed the Squire.

"I'd either git onto the adult klass band waggon with both feet, or *resign*," sed I. "That's pretty plain talkin, but there's no use 'a-kickin agin the pricks.' *The adult klass haz kum to stay*, and if you kant make yureself kum around to it, and you aint bilt so you kin hich up with it, you orter git out of the way, and let sum feller have yure offis what haz up-to-date noshuns. It'll be kinder hard to jine the 'Haz-Binners Klub,' but that's what fokes what do n't keep up with the times *haz to kum to*. If I wuz in yure place I'd turn rite around in my attitood and ask fer to be eleckted an honerary member of the Husslers and pitch in fer to help the thing along. Then you'll be *in it*. That's lots better than bein *agin it*. And I wuddent lose no time at it neether," sed I.

Makin Krooked Places Strate

Laban, its bin three weeks sinct that talk with Squire Titewad at the Kort House. When I left him standin with his rite hand in his trowsers' pockit a-thinkin, I wuzzent expectin much to kum out of it (I mean the *talk*, not the pockit); but the Lord wuz better than my feers.

When Mandy wuz out to Brush Fork last Friday she sed that the Squire wuz sound konvertid, and had bin electtid an honorary member of the Husslers, and that evrythin wuz all smoothed up now. Glory!

Miss Sanford's klass has a place in the quire gallery and is as snug as a bug in a rug, and the Husslers is kamped in the leckture rooms, and is gittin ten new members evry week. Glory!

At the last meetin of the Husslers they apinted a spechul kommittee to help the Suprintendent and the Pastor make Rally Day a big success.

O, Laban! things is just a-flyin now. With Suprintendent Passive a-moovin, and Squire Titewad a-helpin, and evrybuddy a-pullin, and the oil well a-runnin, this wurd's good enuff place fer me fer a wile longer.

Marthy jines me in luv to Kate. The oil well's still a-runnin.

Yures trully,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER V

Husslin fer Rally Day

My Deer Bruther Laban:

Its fine corn huskin wether and I've bin rite smart bizzy doin up the fall chores. But I aint bin too bizzy to keep one eye on the Adult Klass doins down to the Kort House. The Adult Klass fever is a-spredin like sixty. The U. B.'s haz lately begun to show simptoms. The Baptists broke out with it two weeks ago, and the Persperterians haz got along fer enuf to send fer an Adult Klass diplomy. The Katholicks and the Christian Syintists is what the doctor kalls "immune." So of korse they won't take it; but the rest of the Kort House skools haz the fever good and proper, and I kin skarse wait till I see what will be a-doin in Jeriko Kort House afore next corn huskin seezin. The "Sheepskin Kounty Newsmonger" what's published evry Friday at the Kounty Seet, is chuck full of Adult Klass news and evrybuddy in the Kounty knows that somethin's doin along Sunday-skool lines among the grown-ups at the Kort House. Glory!

I've bin a-watchin the Husslers' member-

Husslin fer Rally Day

ship skore as its bin published in the paper, and it haz done my sole good to see the membership climbin evry week ever sinct the klass sot its eyes on the hundred mark and took fer its motto, "Ten a week till we git there." Three weeks ago the klass reached a hundred, then it it changed its motto to "A hundred and twenty-five by Rally Day!" Last Sunday wuz Rally Day and the boys had the hundred and twenty-five all rite; as fine and happy a bunch of fellers as you ever sot yure eyes on.

I think I told you in my last letter, about a munth ago, that the Husslers had appinted a speshul kommittee to help the suprintendent make Rally Day a big success. Well, that kommittee wuz Dick Weever, Will Eppes, and Al Shaver, and they went at the job to onct. They did n't wait till the week afore Rally Day, and then fly around like a crazy-bug to make up fer lost time, but they got together on the very next Monday evenin, in Weever's marble shop, and begun to skcratch their heds fer idees. The more they talked the more they saw that *they* did n't have enny rite to do ennythin on the skool program, unless they wuz asked by the suprintendent. So they desided to appint to each feller a job. Dick Weever wuz to kall on the suprintendent and find out if the Husslers could be of enny help in hiz plans fer Rally Day. Al Shaver wuz to hunt round in the

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Adult Klass magazines and see what men's classes had dun in other places to help Rally Day along, and Will Eppes wuz asked to drop down, kinder incidentle-like, to Brush Fork and see if Timothy Stand-by had enny idees on the subjeck.

Well, Laban, you kin just reckon that that kommittee did n't looze no time at its bizness. Why, Dick Weever wuz after Suprintendent Passive the very next day. He wuz awful took back. He told Dick that never afore in all hiz life had ennybuddy kame and offered to help on the Rally Day job. He wuz so surprized he could skarse git hiz breth. He wuz rite smart embarrassed, too, fer he sed he haddent thawt about enny plans yet. He never startid in quite so erly, fer Rally Day haddent never amountid to much in the Kort House, and he haddent never put much wurk into it. He sed he 'd be mitey glad to have the Husslers help him out if he could only think of sumthin fer them to do. He told Dick to wait a few days, and he 'd think sumthin up.

Of korse, Laban, I knowed nuthin about this at the time. The first thing I knowed about it wuz on Friday nite of that same week when Marthy looked out of the winder about candle-litin time, and sed,

"Timothy, who 's that feller what 's just got off the car at Stop 62? He 's talkin to a man,

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and the man is pintin down here. Peers like he's lookin fer our house."

"Praps he's an oil-man," sed I, thinkin to onct of our oil-well.

"Praps he is, and praps he aint," sed Marthy. "If he's wantin you, mor'n likely he's a Sunday-skool man."

Laban, it wuzzent four minnits afore that feller wuz nockin at our side door. And who do you think it wuz? It wus nobuddy more nur less than Suprintendent Dave Passive frum the Kort House, just in time fer supper.

Dave haddent mor'n got sot down in frunt of a plate of pork and bake beens afore he opined up on Rally Day. He sed the Husslers had chased him up a tree, and that he wuz rite smart embarrassed; fer the night afore they had sent a kommittee to him to say that the klass wantid to volunteer its assistance in carryin out of hiz plans fer Rally Day, if he had no objeckshun. And now he'd kum down to see if I could help him out with a few idees on Rally Day, and to give him a pint or two on how the Husslers could help.

"Well," sed I, "I'm feered that you've kum to a mitey poor place fer *idees*. Our Organized Men's Klass at Brush Fork ain't mor'n a year and a haf old, and we've only passed threw *one* of them red-letter days. But, O my, that wuz a buster; and it wuz the men's klass what made

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it go. Why, Dave, if you'd git the men a-workin on yure Rally Day, it would be the rallyinest Rally Day the Kounty Seet ever had. You just hitch the men on to your Rally Day waggon and you'll never know there's a stone or a rut in the road."

"Hold on there, Timothy," sed Marthy, "lissin a minnit! I bleeve I herd an ortermobeel stop in frunt of our house. Yes, it is," sed Marthy, razin up frum the table and throwin her aprun over her sholder. "Yes, it is," she sed, lookin out of the winder, "and three men is cummin threw the gate."

Well, Laban, sure enuff, Marthy wuz rite; fer quicker than I kin rite it there wuz anuther nock on our side door, and if there wuzzent Will Eppes and Dick Weever and Al Shaver—the full Rally Day Kommittee—waitin to see me. It wuz wurth a barl of oil to see the eckspresshun on Suprintendent Passive's face when the men walked into the dinin room; and it wuz wurth *two* barls of oil to see the look on the kommittee's faces when they saw Dave Passive sittin at the supper table. The meetin wuz sort of a dubble serprize party, speshully when they knowed down in their soles that they wuz both here on the same bizness. But they all took it az a joke, and soon our supper table wuz turned into a round-table on "*What Kin an Adult Klass Do to Make Rally Day a Suckcess?*"

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All the fellers wantid to be free in the diskusshun, so they asked Marthy if she 'd take notes, and report the findins of the meetin at its klose.

Well, Laban, I kant go over all the diskussin, but I 'll copy Marthy's findins. Here they be:

1. *Plan.* The Superintendent should take the Adult Class into his fullest confidence as to his Rally Day plans.

2. *Team Work.* The Adult Class should be ready to help in every possible way.

3. *Advertise.* There's somebody in the men's class who knows how and likes to write news, and stands in with the newspapers. Appoint him as "Committee on Press," and tell him everything you want the public to know.

4. *Aim High.* Round up every member of the Adult Class for an attendance of 100 per cent.

5. *The Whole Household.* Get every man in the class who has children to promise to bring to Sunday-school his wife and all the family on Rally Day.

6. *Welcome.* Appoint from the men's class a large Reception Committee to greet everybody on Rally Day.

7. *Hand-to-Hand Work.* Assign to each member of the Adult Class some particular person or family to whom, secretly, he is to be a

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"big brother" on Rally Day, and for whose attendance at Sunday-school he will feel himself largely responsible.

8. *Personal Invitation.* The entire class membership should pledge, as opportunity offers, during several days before Rally Day, to personally invite all friends who are not regular attendants upon or who do not hold membership in a Sunday-school.

9. *Singing.* Have the men's class sing a song or furnish a chorus or a quartet from its members.

10. *Address.* Have some member of the class deliver a brief five-minute address.

11. *Decoration.* Have the men's class do several stunts in decoration.

12. *Preaching.* Help the preaching service by having the whole men's class remain to hear the Rally Day message of the pastor.

13. *Boost.* Boost the Superintendent, the pastor, the church, the school. *Do n't "knock."*

My! Laban, it allers makes my hand stiff to copy somebuddy else's handritin, but I felt in my bones that you 'd want these pints fer yure Adult Klass out in Nebrasky.

By the time they wuz all thrashed out the viziters wuz reddy to git back to the Kort House. Dave Passive rode back with Dick and

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Will and Al in the ortermobeel; as happy a bunch az ever traveled the Jeriko road.

Now, Laban, I spose you want to kno how it all kame out. Well, through the kindness of my own skool, who new how much I wantid to see the Rally Day at the Kort House, I wuz exkused. Preecher Korker took my place and let me off.

Marthy went down to the Kort House with me. The day wuz glorius; a little kool and krisp-like, but one of the Lord's finest days. The maple trees wuz dressed up in red and yaller leeves, the sky wuz blu, and natur had put on her best Sunday klose.

The Methodist skool at the Kort House opins at nine o'clock, and we got there about twenty minnits till nine. Afore I druv up to the church, when I wuz mor'n twenty rods away, I saw a lot of men around the church door all reddy waitin fer the krowd. And the boys wuz there, too; kinder hangin round the men, like as if they'd be glad when they git growed up and kin be doin the same thing.

When we got out of the buggy, one of the Husslers took our horses and druv them round back of the church and tied up. He just wood-ent let me do a thing. One feller pinned a karnashun—a mitey sweet smellin flour—to my lappel, and anuther pinned a badge on my kote. Then a lot of them shook hands with both of

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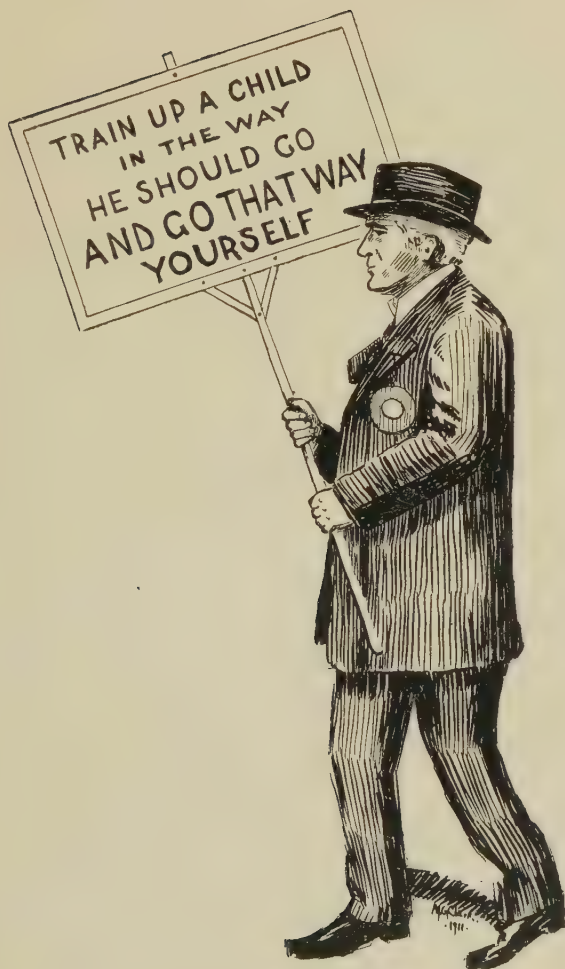
us, and we wuz pilited up the ile to a good seet.

That's the way they treeted evrybuddy, big or little, rich or poor. O, it wuz grand! Marthy liked it so much that she kinder wished we lived in town. But she'd git over that when she missed the sound of the pump down to the oil well.

It wuz all I could do to keep frum shoutin when I saw the skool fill up. Never saw so menny boys and girls, men, wimmen, and babys in Sunday-skool in my life. The quire gallery and the organ loft and evry place in the room up stares wuz full plum up. The men's klass filled their room chock full, and the primaries wuz squeezed into the primary room like sardeens in a box.

Never saw so menny happy peeple in that church. Dave Passive looked like he'd just got married and wuz showin off hiz bride fer the first time. Evry feller in the adult klass wore one of the big round pancake red and white adult klass badges what Dave brawt frum the State Konvenshun. The church wuz deckerated with autum leeves and golden rod and buntin. O, it wuz grand! Glory!

And the exercises! The skool sung, and the pastor spoke, and Suprintendent Passive made the speech of his life when he told of the plans



SUPRINTENDENT PASSIVE.

“He marched in the perrade frum beginnin to end, and wore a red and wite badge az big az a pankake.”



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of the skool fer the new year. The adult klass of korse put up a male quartet and had Judge Carpenter speak fer five minnits. A list of names wuz red of former pupils what had rote letters to the skool sayin they wuz sorry they cuddent kum. A big kolleckshun wuz took up fer the Methodist Board of Sunday Skools. It amounted to \$24.63. The attendance wuz 537 as agin 210 a year ago. Glory!

Kards wuz passed to all viziters and they wuz invited to jine the skool. Forty-two new members jined that day and fourteen jined the church at the preechin service. At the preechin service the Husslers sot in a bunch in reserved seets, and Preecher P. R. O'Gressive let hiz Irish oratory loos and preeched such a sermon az I never herd. O, Laban, it wuz grand! Glory!

When the Sunday-skool and the preechin servis wuz over (fer they wuz all one servis, after all) the preecher stood in the pulpit with Suprintendent Passive at hiz side and gazed on the peeple az they left the church. He 'd shook hands with evry one of them afore at the door, when they 'd kum in. Hiz eyes wuz haf filled up with tears of joy, and hiz lip quivered as he talked. All he could say wuz: "*God is good! God is good!*"

And he wuzzent the only one what wuz too

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full of feelins to say much, fer Marthy and yure Bruther Timothy wuz with him, praisin the Lord.

Laban, I must quit now. This is a long letter. I must bank up the fire fer the nite and git to bed.

Thank the Lord fer the Adult Klass moovement all over the land, and fer an oil well still a-runnin in our barn lot. Luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER VI

The "Husslers' Adult Klass" in Akshun

My Deer Bruther Laban:

A week ago last Thursday nite, when I kame in frum doin up the chores, Marthy sed, "Timothy, do you know I bleeve that the Adult Klass of the Methodist Church at the Kort House is gittin on to the Adult Klass doins lots better than our klass here at Brush Fork? I kno that yure a rite smart lively Suprintendent, but when Stant Needles and Lon Hussle gits their heds together on the Adult Klass Moovment, or *enny other* moovment, it begins to go sum. I know they kinder depended on you *at first*; but have you notised that they aint askin menny questions *now*? And I aint fergot that Suprintendent Passive and the speshul kommittee on Rally Day leened on you a little bit *last* munth; but, somehow, I bleeve, way down in my bones, that they've got our klass beet in a lot of things."

"Well! Marthy," sed I, kinder serprized-like, you must be wearin a pair of mitey far-sited glasses, or else yure talkin in yure sleep."

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"Nary a bit," sed Marthy. "My eyes is wide open with eye-lids buttoned back, but when I feel a thing way down in my bones, I've noticed that it's pretty nigh allers tru. *You've found that out, Timothy*, mor'n onct sinct we wuz married. You'd better act on yure wife's impresshuns, and keep yure eye on the Kort House Adult Klass. Praps you kin lern a few things by watchin out a little."

Laban, when Marthy gits off a remark like *that*, I allers have sort of a gone feelin in my diafram, and I do n't git over it till I go and do what Marthy sez. I did n't sleep enny too good that nite fer thinkin about Marthy's warnins; but I *did* do sum mitey earnest prayin over it. I told the Lord, if it wuz His will that the Brush Fork Adult Klass should be beet, that *we'd stand it* fer the good of the Kounty Seet. But I detarmined, rite then and there, that I'd go down to the Kort House on the follerin Sunday and watch the Husslers Adult Klass *in akshun*. Then I could see fer *myself*; and if it had enny good thing that we did n't have at Brush Fork, I'd make a note on it, and we'd be follerin suit rite quick.

Well, Laban, I went down, and Squire Decker, our Klass President, went along with me; and what we saw wuz a-plenty. We got down to the church at 8.30, a half-hour afore startin time. There wuz five fellers there—

“Husslers’ Adult Klass” in Akshun

Stant Needles, the president, Lon Hussle, the teecher, and the three members of the Membership Kommittee, who wuz servin as a Vestibule Kommittee. (*That wuz a good pint, and I put it down in my note book.*) They wuz rite smart serprized to see us, and they give us a glad hand and made us feel to home.

I watched the Vestibule Kommittee kleen up till nine o’clock. They stood at the foot of the stares, down by the door, and give a welkum to evrybuddy what kum—*speshully to the men*. I notised that they give the yung fellers in their teens an *extry* shake and a *dubble-extry* smile, which had a mitey captivatin effeekt on the yungsters. My, how they wuz pleezed! Squire Decker kountid the men as they kame in. By nine o’clock there wuz sixty-seven present, with more a-kummin. *Glory!*

You remember, Laban, that the prayer-meetin room is on the first floor of the church bildin, and that the Sunday-skool used to meet *there*. But fer a long time now the skool haz been meetin in the body of the church, up stares, and the men’s klass has of late bin usin the prayer-meetin room. So, of korse, that nocks the men out frum sittin with the main skool durin the openin exercises. President Needles thinks it’s kinder providenshul that they kant do it, fer he sez the klass can do lots more of wurk where its off in a room by itself.

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At nine o'clock, prompt, Stant Needles stood up and sed, "*Good mornin, gentlemen!*" instanter, like as if they'd bin pracktisin it fer a week, the klass ansered in consert, "*Good mornin, Mr. Needles!*"

"Let's bow our heds in silent prayer," sed Stant. Fer a minnit every hed wuz bowed and the ushers held evrybuddy at the door till the prayer wuz over. (*Anuther pint! I put that down.*) The books had all bin passed aforehand, and when Stant sed, "We'll sing No. 27 fer the opinin hym, 'Onward, Christian Soljers,'" evrybuddy turned to the place and sung. (At this pint I made anuther note in my note book, "Plenty of singin books.")

The fellers stood when they sung, and put into the singin a whole lot of ginger. The singin wuz so stirrin that it made me feel like goin out and doin sumthin *big*.

"Let us remain standin wile Bruther Dibble leeds us in prayer," sed Stant. My! what a prayer he put up. He prayed fer the boys, and that the klass mite be a help to them in their evryday livin. He prayed fer the fellers what wuz away out of town and fer the sick; fer the preecher and the teecher. He prayed fer the perlicemen and the firemen, and fer the janitor, and fer Teddy Banks, the drunkard, and fer a hole lot of peepole I never herd the preecher pray fer in my life. He prayed fer the mis-

“Husslers’ Adult Klass” in Akshun

shunaries and the heethen, and fer the lay-preecher the klass is supportin in India. There wuz so much in the prayer that wuz serprizin-like that I could skarse keep up with him fer thinkin of what he wuz a-sayin. Of korse I cuddent rite in my note book when he wuz prayin, but az soon as he sed “Amen!” I wrote down, “Pray lots fer other fokes.”

Then the klass sung “Holy Bible, Book Divine,” and evry feller had a Bible in hiz hand. Laban, high as corn is, I’d a-give a hole lode if you’d bin there.

President Needles then sed, “What is our klass-name?”

“*The Husslers!*” shoutid the klass.

Let us together repeet our motto,” sed Stant.

“*We’re husslin fer bizness or we’ve no bizness to be husslin!*” they shoutid.

“*Good!*” sed Stant, smilin like a sun-flower.

“I bleeve there are some kommittees to report,” sed Stant; “the Seckerterry will please call the kommittees.”

“Membership Kommittee!” called Sekerterry Gilbert.

At that, Perfesser Davis riz and sed, “The Kommittee on Membership haz to reckommend three new members fer electshun: Karl Weber, Phil Fox, and Charles Steinberg. Karl Weber is an engineer in the shoe facktery, Phil Fox is the new fotografer, and Charles Steinberg is

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the new foreman of the job printin' offis. These fellers are the ones that wuz reported as havin' moved lately into town. They are here this mornin', and I wood moov their electshun."

"*Seckund the moshun!*" I shoutid, fergittin' myself.

"Sorry," sed Bruther Stant, "but the seckund must kum from a member of the klass."

"Excuse me, Mr. President," sed I. "I got so excited that I fergot that I did n't belong here." (My, Laban, I wuz awful ashamed.)

Four or five fellers then shoutid, "I seckund the moshun!"

"Afore I put the moshun," sed Stant, "wood the chairman of the kommittee be willin' to tell the klass how the kommittee won these bruthers to the noshun of jinin the klass?"

"Be glad to," sed Perfesser Davis. "We did n't have no trubble at all with Mr. Steinberg. He's alreddy a member of the Methodist Church, and he had been hopin' when he mooved to town that he'd find a klass like the Husslers. All we had to do was to ask him, and he kame."

"We had a little harder sleddin' with Phil Fox," sed Perfesser Davis, az he looked over to hiz man, a-smilin'. "We lined up a bunch of fellers to call on him—one each day—and ask him to jine. He bluffed the first two or three, but afore the end of the week he throwed up both hands. To be sure that we'd got him, Al-

“Husslers’ Adult Klass” in Akshun

bert Coe, a member of our kommittee, went round after him this mornin.”

At that remark Stant sed, emphatik-like, “*Good!*” and the klass applawded rite smart.

“I do n’t kno whether I better tell about Karl Weber or not,” sed the Perfesser, a-glancin over to Karl with a smile and an inquirin look. “Karl’s mother sed that if we could git Karl’s girl interested in the skeem, she could do mor’n ennybuddy else to git him to jine. So we kalled on hiz girl, and she delivered the goods, fer Karl’s heer.”

At *that*, sumbuddy sed, quicker’n skat, “*That’s the stuff!*” which made the hole klass laff rite out loud. But Karl took it all rite. I kinder think he enjoyed the kompliment throwed to hiz girl.

“All in faver of electin these bruthers please stand,” sed Stant.

Wile the klass wuz standin Stant turned to the new members and sed, “Will you pleeze rize? Thank you!” Then Stant went on and made a little speech:

“Gentlemen, as President of this klass I welkum you to its fellership. We are all boys together. No one is a stranger here. We’re a jolly set, yet we have a serius misshun. We are tryin to save the men of our town, and to help each feller lead a kleen, pure, cheerful, helpful life. Our interest is allers in the *other*

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seller. May God grant that we may be a blessin to you, and that you, with us, may be a blessin to others. I take playzure in inter-ducin you to Mr. Hussle, our teecher."

Then, turnin to the klass, Stant sed, "The klass will now have a recess fer three minnits to give a glad hand to these new members."

The Devoshunal Kommittee reported next. Perfesser Ray, the chairman, sed: "A cottage prayer-meetin wuz held last Friday nite at the house of Lafe Higgins. Seven members wuz present. Three prayed and two spoke. Mr. Higgins is not a perfessin Christian, but he wants to kno Jesus, and he asks the prayers of the klass." Perfesser Ray sed that the klass, on the invite of the pastor, wood have charge of the mid-week prayer meetin next Wensday nite. He took a vote on how menny would be present, and forty-one stood up. *Glory!*

Dan Williams reported fer the Soshul Kommittee. He sed that the kommittee wuz arrangin fer a Holliday Soshul on the Thursday nite of Christmus week. All the other adult kllasses and evry man in town wuz to be invited. A big program wuz bein arranged, but what it's goin to be is a seekrit fer the present. The kommittee vizited the hotels on Saturday nite and Sunday mornin and invited all strangers to the Husslers' Klass and to the preechin servis.

Klint Stevenson reported fer the Misshun-



LON HUSSLE.

"After the kolleckshun wuz took Lon Hussle got up and
sed, 'Afore we go into the lesson let's
ask God's blessin.'"

“Husslers’ Adult Klass” in Akshun

ary Kommittee. He sed that (as votid at the last meetin) the kommittee had sent \$30 to India fer the support of a native preecher. He sed that the kommittee had a letter frum this Indian preecher, which he perceeded to reed. (Anuther pint.) He give notis that next Sunday each member of the klass wood be give a chance, on a speshul card, to make hiz weakly misshunary subscripshun fer the new year. “Let’s not fergit,” sed Klint, “that our speshul misshunary objeck of prayer fer this week (in privit and publick) is Mr. Bancroft, a misshunary frum our own Konference to India. Let’s hold him and hiz wurk to a throne of grace evry day.”

“Is there enny further bizness?” asked the President.

Jim Darling announced that Millard Johnson wuz sick, and a moshun wuz carried to send a speshul kommittee to him with flowers and symperthy.

“If there’s no more bizness,” sed Stant, “we’ll now take up the klass offerin, after which our teecher will take charge of the klass.” The kolleckshun wuz \$8.45, all in silver and nickels—*nary a copper cent in the hole pile.* (Anuther pint.) *Glory!*

When the kolleckshun wuz took, Lon Husle, the teecher, got up and sed, “Afore we go into the lesson let us ask God’s blessin.” Ed

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Colyer put up the prayer, then the lesson wuz tawt.

Laban, I'll hav to tell you sum other time about the wonderful way Lon Hussle teeches. He goes at it like a bizness man sells goods. The lesson took up about thirty minnits, and when it wuz over the klass sang a song, sot down in their seets onct more fer a minnit of silent prayer, and broke up just afore preechin servis.

I kame home with a note book full of pints which give Marthy a chance to say what she's sed a thowsand times afore: "*Timothy, yure allers safe in follerin of yure wife's impres-shuns.*"

Good nite, Laban. Luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

P. S. The oil well's still a-runnin.

CHAPTER VII

The Husslers' Chrismus Recepshun and Banquet.

My Deer Bruther Laban:

We're havin a reglar old-fashun blizzard tonite. The sky wuz rite smart lowerin all the mornin and the air wuz chock full of frost. Just about noon it begun snowin and blowin at a grate rate, and by four o'clock the thermoniter had fell down clost to zero. The cattle got into shelter and huddled up klost together under the straw pile in the barn lot, the chickens made fer the hen house, the sheep wuz druv into the sheep barn, the horses wuz all blankited, and evrythin wuz got reddy for a kold nite. I got out the sled and pulled up a good big backlog out of the woods and rolled it into our big sittin-room fire place, and piled up a cupple of duzzen hickry sticks by the mantle-peece, so's to keep up a good fire durin the evenin.

It snowed hard and steddly all the afternoon, and by evenin the snow wuz nigh on to ate inches deep. I got the chores dun up erly, and

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when I pulled into the house about five o'clock and shut the door on the cold and the wether and the snow I thanked the Lord fer home, and fire, and cumfort. How could I help it, Laban? Fer the blazin of the wood wuz givin out a brite lite, and that kaptivatin pitch-pine smell what allers goes with the burnin of pitch-pine. Glory! I tell you, Laban, when I shook off my rubber boots and stuck my feet into my brus-sels karpet slippers and I sot in my rockin chair afore the fire a-watchin of the flames and the smoke a-curlin up, a-smellin that glorius pitch-pine smell, and a-thinkin of our oil-well, and of my good wife Marthy, I thawt that heven cuddent be no better, fer, ackordin to the poet, "December kums nigh bein az plesent as May."

Supper's over, the dishes is all dun up, Marthy's sittin at my side in her rockin chair a-nittin, and I've sot myself down afore our sittin-room table fer to rite you sum more about how the Adult Klass moovment is a-moovin in these parts.

Well, the biggest and the best thing what's happined at Brush Fork fer menny a day is the Husslers' Holliday Recepshun and Banquet what wuz held on Thursday of Christmus week. The thing had bin brewin fer mor'n a month, and when it kame off it took the town kleen off its feet.

Husslers' Recepshun and Banquet

You see sum of the fellers in the Husslers' Adult Bible Klass haddent never, afore this year, gone threw Christmus week without a cupple of holiday dances in the Town Hall. Just az long az these fellers wuzzent tied up to the church they did n't see no harm in dancin; but now that they are members of the Adult Bible Klass and are wearin on their coats the red button with a wite spot in the middle, they feel rite smart diffrent about it. The old dancers in the klass are still of the noshun that there aint no harm in dancin, *if a feller dances all alone by himself*, but they say that there aint no fun in it under them kondishuns. No one knows how the fellers kum to change their noshun on the question, fer the Preecher aint sed nuthin, and the subjeck hazzent bin kussed nor diskussed in the klass. Somehow the fellers haz kum around nateral-like to their new noshun, by a process what Perfesser Ray sez is a *process of absorpshun*. Well, ennyway—absorpshun or no absorpshun—the Husslers decided that they wood hire the Town Hall fer Christmus Thursday and have an adult klass doins what wood be az far ahed of a dance az an ortermobeel is ahed of a weel-barrer.

The hole thing wuz put into the hands of the Soshul Kommittee, what wuz made up of Art Williams, John Allen, and Dick Weever, and a duzzen others of their own choosin. They

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begun workin it up long afore Thanksgivin Day. It wuz giv out erly that although the Recepshun and Banquet wuz giv by a *men's* Bible klass, that men and wimmin *both* wood be invited, and that six hundred plates wood be sot for the banquet at a half a dollar a-peece.

The Kommittee wuz up agin it good and hard when it tackled the big banquet propersishun, fer there wuzzent enny hotel or resturant in town what had enuff dishes fer to set so big a table. The thing wood have fizzled out entire if it haddent bin fer sister Mandy (bless her sole!). She haddent cooked fer harvesters and thrashers and potater-diggers when she wuz a yungster without knowin how to tackle a big eatin propersishun. Sister Mandy's president of the Ladies' Aid Society, and she got the wimmin to agree to do the cookin and fixin of the grub if the Husslers wood hire the dishes and have the tables sot up. That's what they agreed on, and the thing wuz a go.

After the eatin bizness wuz settled then riz the question of who'd be invited. The U. B.'s and the Baptists and the Persperterians and the U. P.'s haz just started orginized adult klasses fer men, and in all haz about ninety members. At the last bizness meetin the Husslers voted to invite these klasses az gests of honor. The rest of the tickets wuz throwed open to the publick fer sale at fifty cents a-peece.

Husslers' Recepshun and Banquet

Laban, it wood have dun yure eyes good to see them tickets sell. Glory! They wuz put on sale at Kross'es store, and the way they sold out wuz a kawshùn. When the peeple found out that there wuz to be such a big banquet az 600 plates, and that ninety of them wuz fer the gests, and that the hundred and twenty-five Husslers and their wives and sweet-hearts wood take up about two hundred and fifty more, then evrybuddy else wanted to git into the banquet. The tickets wuz rite smart novel, too. They wuz printed on round red cards, like the Adult Klass pin, with the wurd "Banquet" printed big on the wite spot in the middle, and a string tied to them so 's they'd be worn at the banquet.

Well, Laban, Marthy and yure bruther Timothy started tolrible erly for the Kounty Seet on the afternoon of the banquet. It wuz to take up at seven o'clock, sun time, which is skandlus late fer fokes what usually sits down to supper by erly candle-lite.

When we got to the town hall the Kort House Brass Band wuz playin a rag-time peece on the outside to lyvin things up, and the peeple wuz pourin into the hall a-smilin az if each one of them wuz goin to git married. They wuz all dressed up extry fine. Marthy made me ware my tuckseedo what I had made fer to ware at dinners on ship-board when I went to the Holy

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Land. I never wore it but onct afore, and that wuz at the captin's dinner the nite afore we landid. I wuz in style with a few fokes at the recepshun, but I felt like a fool all the evenin, fer the coat put me out of touch with a lot of men what wuz wearin reddy-made clothes. I swore that nite I'd never wear it agin, and I've already give it to sister Mandy for the next rummage sale.

The hall wuz all trimmed in red and white, and the Husslers wuz shakin hands, makin ev-rybuddy happy and interducin all strangers. I never saw so much smilin and hand-shakin and good fellership in all my born days. All to onct, in the middle of the Recepshun, the brass band struck up "Ameriky," and when they had quit and the people got quiet Stant Needles, the President, told them what tables wuz reserved fer gests and the speekers, and then asked everybuddy to be seeted. It took about ten minnits to fill up all the chairs, but the fokes wuz finally all sot, and Preecher P. R. O'Gressive asked the blessin.

Well, Laban, I kan't begin to make you see that banquet. Jeriko Kort House never saw the like afore. Marthy could skarse eat fer lookin at the seen. It wuz wurth a life-time to see 600 fokes all enjoyin themselves at dinner. The Ladies' Aid Society did themselves proud in the cookin. We both recognized a Stand-by

Husslers' Recepshun and Banquet

flaver in the chikkin pot-pie. The young ladies what bawt in the grub looked like pickters cut out of an old art magazine. O, Laban, it wuz great!

Two fiddles and a pianner played soft-like music wile we wuz eatin, and I felt just like as if I'd like to flote along like this fer a wile with nuthin else to think about. But I soon got over that. I do n't know how menny korses there wuz—but more 'n we could eat—and it wuz topped off with ice creem and cake.

But the best part wuzzent the eatin. The program what follered—what Marthy sed wuz “a feest of reezin an a flow of sole”—capped the hole affair. There wuz three speekers frum some distance off. The first wuz Dr. Clark, the State Sunday Skool Seckertery. He spoke on “Crystallizing the Moovment.” He pinte out the danger of the Orginized Adult Klass bekummin a sort of independent organizashun, sot off all by itself, and interested only in itself and its own work. He sed that the Adult Klass Moovment must krystallize around three pints: 1. Church and Skool Loyalty. 2. Evangelistick Aktivitiy. 3. Misshunary Enterprize. He sed that no adult klass had enny bizness tryin to improov itself unless it wuz fer the purpus of fitting the klass fer a larger servis fer other fokes.

Then Mrs. George H. Geyer of Zeenya, Ohio,

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kame on. She haz a mixed class of mor'n 250 yung married fokes, called the "Bizzy Peeple's Klass." The story she told of what that klass did, and what it is a-doin wood make the angels in heaven rejoice. Marthy and I wuz both so took up with what she sed that we clean fergot where we wuz at. Bless the Lord fer such wimmin! Glory!

Then Preecher Rhoads of Ashland spoke on the big men's doins in that town of 7,000 people, where mor'n 1,200 men are members of the ate Sunday-skools in that city. When he told what the Ashland Federashun of Organized Adult Kllasses had dun fer that city, and how the saloon took to its heels, I shoutid "Glory!" rite out loud, and I prayed the Lord that Jeriko Kort House might sum day be redeemed frum the licker power.

I tell you, Laban, that meetin wuz wurth its wait in gold to the Kounty Seet. The peeple applawded lots, and they wuz more interested than I ever saw them in ennythin afore. Lots of men what do n't go to Sunday-skool wuz there, and when Stant Needles pleaded fer evry man present who did not belong to a Sunday-skool to jine some Sunday-skool next Sunday, there were just lots of them that detarmined they'd do it; for the next Sunday fifty-four men jined the seven skools of the Kort House.

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I kin see what's kummin next, Laban. It won't be three months afore there'll be a Federashun of the Adult Bible Klasses in Jeriko Kort House. Glory! I'll keep you posted.

Rite soon. The oil well's still a-runnin.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER VIII

'The "Big Sisters" Adult Klass

My Dear Bruther Laban:

If it wuzzent so fer out to Nebrasky I'd git on board of a trane and kum out fer a vizzit. Then I'd have a chance to unlode a lot of things what's on my mind about the orginized adult klass moovment, in which I kno yure powerful interested.

You see, Laban, that rite smart of my time is took up in thinkin about and plannin fer the big famly of orginized adult classes what haz sprung up in these parts durin the last yeer.

I'm nuthin but a lay member of the Brush Fork Orginized Men's Klass, but some-how-er-other I'm mixed up with all the other adult classes in the kommunity as a *consultin* member, and I've had rite smart to do with shapin up most of the classes in these diggins.

The Perspenterian klass at the Kort House is flurrishin and is chasin the Husslers hard. At the last tellin they had a hundred and ten members. The United Brutherin klass krossed the hundred mark last week. The Baptists and the Decyples is havin a neck-and-neck race at

The "Big Sisters" Adult Klass

the seventy-five mark. The Congregashunals has fifty, and they ain't mor'n startid, and the Reforms last week had forty-two and more a-kummin. Glory!

Then each of the skools is showin symptums of breakin out with the wimmin's and the mixed-klass fever. The fact is, Laban, there's no tellin where the thing's goin to end, or whether its goin to end at all.

Sinct the "Husslers' Adult Klass Holiday Recepsun and Banquet" Mandy's bin bizzy az a bee wurkin up an orginized wimmin's klass in the Kort House Methodist skool. She did n't have az much trubble az she wood have had if the Husslers haddent set the pace.

You see, Laban, almost evry woman in Jeriko Kort House is tied up to one of the seventeen different wimmin's klubs in town; and sum of the wimmin belongs to two or three. There's the "Presillers" and the "Dorkasses" and the "Reserchers" and the "Holler-per-dree-das" and the "Klover Leefs" and the "Karnashuns" and the "Nitingales" and the "Dandylions" and the "After-Breckfast Klub" and the "Before Supper Klub" and the two Speer Klubs (one the "Shakspeer" and the other the "Speermint") and the "Bridge-Wist Klub," and a hole lot of other klubs "what no man (and very few wimmin) kin number." Why, Laban, between and betwixt such a lot of wimmin's klubs it looked

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like az if there wuzzent menny wimmin left fer to do the Lord's work.

But Mandy never knows "die" when she starts out fer to do a thing. She haz preeched in prayer meetin fer yeers that if the Church wood give the wimmin sumthin wurth wile to do they wuddent be traipsin after so menny klubs and sich. Laban, it's a sykologikle fackt that wimmin haz got to do *sumthin* with their branes or bust. The Church haz knowed this fer yeers and haz just stood by and sed, "*Let her bust!*" But she's gittin her eyes opin now, fer which I'm powerful thankful.

Mandy's first dash fer the new wimmin's klass skeem wuz in a "Five O'clock Tea" fer the members of her own Sunday Skool klass. She kinder thawt a "*Tea*" wood ketch 'em; and if the "*Tea*" diddent, the "*Five O'clock*" wood, *ennyway*; for a "Five O'clock Tea" wood have some style about it, and, as Mrs. DePew sez, "*It wood be rawther odd, you kno, you kno!*" You see Mandy used her klass fer a "noocleus," as Preecher P. R. O'Gressive sez.

I konfess, Laban, that Mandy haddent very promisin material to start with, fer there's only nine in the klass, and most of them is old makes or widders. There ain't no twenty-one-year-old yungster in the skool who can remember when Mandy haddent *them same nine* wimmin to teeched. There's Widder Black, who hazzent put



WIDDER BLACK.

"She keeps on wearin of mournin az a sine that she do n't
never intend agin to leed a dubble life."

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off mornin sinct her husband died, twenty yeer back. She sez she keeps wearin of it az a sine that she duzzent never intend agin to leed a dubble life. Then there's Florence Wolf, who deklares she'll never be a widder, fer she never intends to git married. She's fat, and jolly, and full of fun, and keeps clost to the yung fokes by mixin rite smart in their soshul doins, kinder like as if she wuz their mother-in-law. Then there's Sis Elder, the skool teecher, who mor'n twenty yeer ago tore the record out of the famly Bible so's nobuddy'd ever find out how old she is. By wearin of ribbons, nice close, and stylish hats she do n't look no older than she did when she wuz at yure weddin. Then there's Widder Gray, the Quaker, who's a favoryte with evrybuddy big and little; but she ain't yung by a long shot. Then there's Molly Tingley Wilson, who ain't never wayed mor'n 85 pounds, and who got married after she wuz forty-one.

Now, Laban, there's *five* of the bunch; and the other five ain't much more promisin. Mandy and Eliza Needles (Stant's wife) is about all the leven there is in that lump. But that wuz enuff, fer the klass is a-growin like sixty now. But I'm gittin ahed of my story.

Mandy's "Five O'Clock Tee" did the bizness. The klass wuz all there and took up all rite with the idee of orginizin. The Husslers adult

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klass wuz doin such wunders that it diddent take enny koaxin to git the wimmin to take holt. Cynthia Carpenter, the wife of the judge, wuz electid president, Florence Wolf, seckertery, and Widder Gray, trayzurer. They had rite smart of a time in selecktin of a name, and finally decided on the "Big Sisters Adult Bible Klass." That's what they are, Laban—*big sisters*; and that's what they intend to be; fer they're goin to stand by the Husslers and the Sunday-skool and the church to help evrything what kums along. Glory!

Well, Laban, that orginizin meetin at Mandy's house wuz held mor'n a munth ago. There are thirty-six "Big Sisters" on the roll now, and they ain't all the old kind, either. Mandy just threw herself into gittin fokes who no one ever thawt wood kum to Sunday-skool, and she's got 'em. And Mrs. Carpenter has fetched in a lot of wimmin what hazzent bin to Sunday-skool sinct they wuz married.

And the klass is bizzy at sum things what's wurth while. Fer instance the "Big Sisters" saw to it that evry famly in the church wuz vizited durin the two weeks afore the big meetin, and invited to kum out to the revivul. With sum fokes that wuz better than havin the preecher kall; fer sumhow they think that's *his bizness*. I tell you, Laban, when thirty-six wimmin fokes spends time and strength callin

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on church members fer to git them to kum out to church, that's a hole revivul of relijun in itself. Even if such a perseedin did n't do the church members much good *it did lots fer the Big Sisters* what did the vizzittin. Why, Laban, do you kno that the wimmin found sum fokes what haddent never bin kalled on by a single sole sinct they mooved to town? Sum of them kame mitey neer cryin when they told how they had mooved in frum the country or sum small town where they knowed evrybuddy, and how lonely they had bin waitin munth after munth fer a smilin face and a glad hand to welkum them. Sum of them had got sour on the Church and wuz feelin rite smart kross grain. O, Laban, when the "Big Sisters" got bizzy on the job of big-sisterin the fokes what the Church haz overlooked, they cleen fergot to run around after enny fun fer *themselves*. They are just beginnin to find out that fokes is never happier than when they fergit themselves in the glorius work of *makin other fokes happy*.

Then the "Big Sisters" took up furnishin of a room in the new hospitle at the Kort House. It ain't a Methodist hospitle; but that don't make no diffrence. It's fer the good of the town, and that's enuff. The room is called the "Barbary Heck" Room, frum that grate and good woman who kawt Philip Embury (a local preecher what had backslid) a-playin progres-

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sive yuker one nite, and she picked up the cards and chucked them in the fire, where playin-cards shoold allers go. Barbary Heck's pictur hangs in the room just over the bed. She's stout and fat, and looks like as if she never had a sick day in her life. Just to look at that picktur will be better than takin a dose of medicin. There's a poor sick woman in the room now what cuddent afford to be there if it wuz-zent for the "Big Sisters."

Last week Mandy perpozod to the klass that beginnin with ground-hog day the klass have a frendly kontest fer new members and fer misshunary offerins. They took to it to onct. They elecktid two captins and divided up the klass fer the kontest. One side is the "Reds" and the other the "Blues." The kontest will last till Easter Sunday. The side what gits the most new members will have their picktur took in a grupe, at the expense of the loosin side, and hung in the Sunday-skool room. The side what gives the most money fer misshuns will have whatever yung person they select sent, at the expense of the other side, to the Sunday Skool Misshunary Konference of the Yung Peeple's Misshunary Moovment, at Silver Bay, Lake George, next July, fer to be trained to be the Misshunary suprintendent of the skool. Glory!

Laban, I kin see rite now that the Husslers

The "Big Sisters" Adult Klass

haz got to git a hussle on if they're goin to keep up with the "Big Sisters" in good wurks.

On next Thursday nite the Husslers is goin to give a recepsun to the "Big Sisters" in the basement of the church. About the hole town is invited, and Marthy and yure brother Timothy is a-plannin to take it in. The Husslers haz hired the darky cooks at the hotel to do the cookin, and there won't be a woman wurkin about the bildin. That will seem powerful strange, but that's the way the thing's a-wurkin. I kame neer fergittin to say that the profits frum the Recepsun is to be the nest egg fer a bildin fund fer a new church. Glory! Glory! No Church can take up with the new adult klass doins and wurk at it very long without that Church havin to enlarge the bildin to hold the peeples.

The preechers is beginnin to ketch on to the moovment, Laban. What do you think! At the next Deestrick Konfrence I am to read a paper on "What the Orginized Adult Klass Kin Do to Help the Preecher and the Church," and our Preecher Korker is to read a paper on "What the Preecher Kin Do to Help the Orginized Adult Bible Klass and the Sunday Skool." I'd rather talk afore ennybuddy else in the world than preechers, fer they allers make me feel like as if they lissined just bekaws they *had* to, and wuz sayin down in their soles,

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"Well, now, show us what you kin do; *if you kin convince us yure a good one.*" I'm prayin that between Preecher Korker and yure Bruther Timothy the Preechers will all git a big Sunday-skool vishun.

I must put the ashes on the fire now and fix things fer the nite. The wind is a-howlin down the chimbly, but it kan't drownd out the kumfortin sound of the pump out at the oil well, what's still a-runnin. Glory!

Luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER IX

The Kort House Federashun of Men's Klassen

Dear Bruther Laban:

It's simply amazin what a powerful lot of things kin happin in a munth. Sinct ritin my last letter the Adult Bible Klass Moovment at the Kort House haz bin a-moovin so rapid that I kin skarse keep up with it.

When sister Mandy interduced the Wimmin's Adult Bible Klass germ into the Methodist Episkiple Sunday-skool, most of the other skools wuz exposed to the fever to onct, and one by one they're kummin down with the Wimmin's Klass fever. Most of them haz took it bad. No one knows just what's goin to happin next at the Kort House in this Adult Klass revival.

The biggest thing what's happined so far is the kummin together of the Kort House Men's Klassen into a federashun what's kalled the "Jeriko Federashun of Men's Bible Klassen." The thing got started at the Huslers' Holiday Recepshun and Banquet. When

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I sot at that banquet and saw the members frum klasses in the other skools sittin around the banquet table with the Husslers, I had rite smart of a feelin that *that* kind of fellership would be the beginnin of sumthin good fer the hole town. And it haz kum. Glory!

When the Husslers' klass met on the first Sunday in January, and when evrybuddy wuz all excited about the sukcess of the Holiday Recepshun and Banquet, Lon Hussle perpozod that the Husslers' Klass take the leed in orgin-izin a Federashun of all the Men's Bible Klasses in town, fer the purpus of doin evrythin posserble fer the redemshun of the Kounty Seet frum its awful sinful condishun.

You see, Laban, that, in spite of the ate churches in the town, the Kort House is about az wurldly and wicked a place az is on the map. It haz twenty-nine saloons. Just think on it, Laban! *Twenty-nine!* That's clost to four saloons to one church. The Kort House saloons is reglar hell-holes, too. They make no pertenshuns to keepin of the law. They do n't *kno* no law! They keep open az late az there's a single poor feller around thirstin fer a drink. They sell lickar open-handid to miners and majers alike. They do a back-door trade all day Sunday. O, Laban, the saloons of the Kounty Seet is a kurse to the hole kounty. Menny a country boy haz gone to ruin in the

The Federashun of Men's Klases

Kort House saloons; and they have a murder about onct a yeer.

Then the town haz a picktur-show. It shows low-down pickturs what cracks up fytin and steelin and drinkin and bawlin az bein sumthin noble and grand. The Kort House picktur-show is sowin more seeds of sin in the Kort House in one week than the churches and Sunday-skools kin root up in a munth.

Then there's a publick dance in the town hall evry week—a kinder "free-fer-all-fer-evry-buddy." The effectk of that dance on the yungsters of the town is *awful bad*.

Then in the summer time there's a Sunday baseball game what draws the men and boys like az if it wuz a porus plaster.

All that's bad enuff! But it's wurse when you tack on to it the worldly-mindidness of the church peepke. Why, Laban, there's skarse enny diffrence between them and the peepke *out* of the church. Lots of them dances and plays cards and goes to the theater and on Sunday exkurshuns and to Sunday baseball games just like peepke what makes no pertenshuns to relijun. Why, sum even takes a drink onct or twict in a wile.

You see, Laban, the value of this here men's moovment is that it gits the men to studyin God's Word, and makes them feel like stratenin up a bit. *Glory!*

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When Lon Hussle purpozed to the Klass a Federashun of the Men's Klasses it took like wild fire, and the boys voted to perceed. President Stant Needles appinted a Kommittee on Federashun, who wuz to wurk up a plan fer bringin the thing to pass, and put it afore the klass next Sunday.

By the time of the next meetin the Kommittee wuz reddy to report. They had bin consultin with the presidents and the teechers of the men's klasses in the other churches and reported that they wuz all in faver of goin ahead with the skeem. A kall fer a Federashun Meetin wuz to be put out by the Husslers, and each klass wuz to be invited to pick out two of its members, who, with its klass president and its teecher, wood represent it at an orginizashun meetin to be held in the prayer meetin room of the Persperterian Church the next Friday nite.

On Toosday nite afore the Federashun meetin I got a letter frum the Kommittee askin me to kum, just fer to enkurrage the thing along. *Glory!*

Well, Laban, of korse I went. I wood have give a kord of wood if you 'd bin there.

How menny do you spose wuz there? There wuz twenty-ate, besides yure Bruther Timothy and the Persperterian preecher, makin thirty in all. The Methodists and Persperterians and

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United Brethrins and the Decyples and the Reforms had four apeece. The Baptists had three, and the Evangelikles had only two, bekaws they ain't got no orginizashun yet, so they sent two frum the skool. A finer lot of fellers you never saw, and they wuz az happy as a June mornin.

Judge Carpenter of the Common Plees Kort wuz elektid chairman, and, az he belonged to the Husslers, and wuz used to speekin, he wuz asked to explane the object of the meetin, and tell what good wood be the benefit of a Federashun. I kin tell you better what he sed by referrin to part of his speech in the *Sheepskin Kounty Newsmonger*.

The Judge sed that this wuz an age of federashun—an age when men wuz gittin together. People what is interested in the same thing haz found out that they kin do lots more when they are united. He quoted them fine old sayins, "In union there is strength," and "United we stand, but divided we fall down." He sed that fokes are lernin evry day that they kin do sum things *together* what they can't do *sepperit*.

He pinted to the orginizashuns of bizness men. He sed the grocers and the buchers and the furniture men and the undertakers had their own orginizashuns. Doctors and lawyers and teechers is organized. The brewers and

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the saloon keepers is organized, and it's high time fer the churches and the Sunday-skools and adult klasses to lern that they kin do lots more fer the Kingdum if they wurk together.

He sed there wuz no use of orginizin if we didn't mean bizness. He sed that a Federa-shun of the Adult Klasses of Jeriko Kort House ment a *kampane for men in the Sunday-skools* fer to git them clost to God's Word. It ment a *brutherly interest in evry man*. It ment that the Sunday-skools and churches wood begin to *do fer men what the loges are doin* fer them, and more. It ment the *winnin of hundreds of men to Jesus Christ* and to aktive church membership. It ment the *overturnin of wickedness* in this kommunity and the *wipin out of the saloon*. It ment *help to the sufferin* and to the poor, and wurk fer them what haz no jobs. It ment the *givin of money and lives to misshuns*. It ment the *moral tonin up of the town* and the electkshun of cleen men fer publick offis. It ment a *united Christendum* bizzy in practikle Christian servis.

He sed there are men enuff in this town to save it if they could be got on the rite track. He closed hiz speech by sayin, "*May God deliver us from divishuns which paralyze our power.*"

O, Laban, that wuz one of the grandest speeches I ever herd. When the Judge got dun

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the men wuz reddy to do *ennything*. They clean fergot that they belonged to diffrent churches. They got the *Kingdum-vishun*. Glory! Glory!

After *such* a speech it did n't take long to electt offisers. Judge Carpenter of the Methodist Church wuz electtid president, Bert Higgins of the Congregashunal Church, seckertery, and Homer Miller, of the Reform Church, Trayzurer. Each of the other denominashuns had a feller in the Exeekutive Kommittee. Laban, that wuz the first time I ever saw ate denominashuns hitched together to pull a lode and none of them kickin.

Then the meeting took up somethin to do fer the town. John Graham, president of the Calvin Klass of the Perspeterian Church, sed that we sure had saw a vishun in this meetin, and now it is time to strike. We have bin indiffrent too long. In Judge Carpenter's speech we had been showed what we orter do. Let us aim first at the spiritule. Let us have a seeries of Sunday Afternoon Gospil Meetins fer men in the Town Hall. Let us kanvass the town and give evry man an invite to kum to the Lord and be saved.

The meetin voted unanermus to have the first Gospil Meetin the last Sunday in January, and left the wurkin out of the program to the Exeekutive Kommittee.

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I almost fergot to say that the name of the Federashun is the "Jeriko Kort House Men's Bible Klass Federashun," and its motto is "The Men of Jeriko fer the Man of Galilee."

Well, Laban, the speshul meetins in all the churches begun in the middle of the munth, and wuz just goin good when the first Sunday Afternoon Meetin of the Federashun wuz held at the Town Hall. I went up to the Kounty Seet on Saturday nite and put up at sister Mandy's, so's to be on hand erly. All the men's klasses wuz bizzy fer days afore the meetin invitin all the men in town. Cirklars wuz put out in evry house and the papers wuz full of news about the Federashun.

When I got to the hall the men wuz pourin into the bildin like sheep. If each feller what went wuz to git a five dollar bill he cuddent have bin more sot on gittin a seet. A lot of fellers wuz at the door a-shakin hands with the boys as they kame, and Ray Mohr wuz leadin the singin with that powerful voice of hizzen what makes evrybuddy want to jine in.

A big banner hung up back of the platform, and on it wuz painted the Federashun Motto, "The Men of Jeriko for the Man of Galilee." The preechers of all the churches wuz on the platform, and so wuz the mayor of the town and most of the kommon kounsel. After prayer the address wuz made by W. C. Pearce, the

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Suprintendent of the Internashunal Adult Department.

O, Laban, if ever the Lord spoke threw a man, he spoke threw bruther Pearce. His speech wuz a powerful sermon. It went rite home to the fellers' harts. It wuzzent a wild speech; no indeed. It wuz tender and wootin-like, and when he quit, *twenty-two men stood up fer to be prayed fer. Glory!*

When the krowd sung "Onward, Christian Soljers," as they kame to the secund verse and got to the wurds,

We are not divided,

All one body we,

I took a shout. Like Paul, I did n't kno wether I wuz out of the body or in it.

O, Laban, the Lord is certainly wurkin in Jeriko Kort House. The old town will be redeemed yet if the adult kllasses pull together. I'll keep you postid.

Luv to Kate. The oil well's still a-runnin.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER X

The Konvershun of Larry Tippler, the "White Wing"

My Dear Bruther Laban:

When I kame in frum doin up the chores, just about candle-litin time, I found Marthy in the kitchin, sittin afore the cook stove, with her feet in the oven. That aint no place fer a woman's feet (ner a man's either fer that matter); but when there's no kumpany around, on awful kold nites, Marthy steels off into the kichin and "tosts her feet" as she sez. Ever sinct Marthy had the fever, a few yeers back, she's trubbled rite smart with kold feet. They're such an uncommon size that when they *do* git kold it takes sum vigrus warmin up to wurk off the chill.

Wall, as I wuz sayin, Marthy set with her feet in the oven, tostin of her feet, reedin the *Sheepskin Kounty Newsmonger*. Just az I came in the door Marthy slid her glasses up on to the top of her hed and laid the paper down and sed, "Wall! the best news what's in the paper *this* week is that the Husslers haz got Larry Tippler konverted."

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"Larry *Tippler!*" sed I, excited-like. "Larry Tippler *konverted!* Glory! O, Marthy, when the Lord gits a-wurkin among the men there's no tellin what will happin. *Praise the Lord fer savin grace!* When the revivul gits such fellers az Larry Tippler it's *goin* sum."

"Yure just rite," sed Marthy, "but all I've got to say is that if *Larry Tippler's* konverted the days of mirikles ain't over. Timothy Stand-by, if the Lord kin save such poor kritters az Larry Tippler, he kin save *ennybuddy.*"

"Y-a-a-s, that's a fackt," sed I. "You must remember that he saved *you*, Marthy, and he saved *me*; and if he kin do *that* much, he kin save Larry; fer we're *all* poor kritters."

"Well, I hope he'll *stick*," sed Marthy, "fer my Bible sez that only them what sticks out to the *end* shall be saved."

"Y-a-a-s," sed I, "that's what it sez; and both of us needs to be mitey keerful that we hold fast to *our* perfesshun."

Laban, I skarse bleeve you kno who this Larry Tippler is. He's the "wite-wing" down to the Kounty Seet. He's the feller what kleens the streets. In fackt, he's the hole street-kleenin department. The Kounty Seet haz about seven squares of street pavin, and Larry spends hiz time a-keepin of it kleen. He wares a pare of white over-halls and a white blouse, and keeps moovin over the streets with

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a broom, and a skrapper, and a gunny-sack on wheels, and trims up the street so that it looks quite city-like.

Larry's a splendid feller. Evrybuddy likes him. He haz more friends than ennybuddy else in town. He's got a streak of Irish blud in him, and he's az witty a man az you'd see in seven yeers' travels. He's jolly and full of fun. He haz a cheerful wurd fer evrybuddy what passes, and he's so good-natered that he's a kind of a town maskot.

But, Laban, *he drinks!* He drinks a little *every day*; and about evry six weeks he goes off on a big drunk. Then the streets looks like sixes and sevens till he gits sobered up. When Larry goes back to wurk he kinder sneeks back to hiz job and wurks along, ashamed-like, without speekin to nobuddy, till the street is all kleened up in good shape. After *that* Larry's himself agin, and evrybuddy is happy. He's one of the karackters of the Kounty Seet, Laban, and evrybuddy knows him and likes him fer miles around.

When Marthy told me Larry wuz konverted I sed "*Glory!*" bekaws I knowed that Larry wuz wurth savin; and Marthy made *her* remark, bekaws Larry had bin a slave to hiz cups fer twenty yeer, and she had little faith in the reformin of a drunkard.

Wall, Laban, I'll own up that I wuz rite



LARRY TIPPLER.

"The Kort House haz seven squares of street pavin, and
Larry spends hiz time a-keepin of it kleen."

The Konvershun of Larry Tippler

smart serprized over the news of Larry's konvershun; altho I've knowed fer weeks that the men's klasses at the Kort House wuz on a stedly hunt fer the men of the town. Sum-how sinct the Federashun was orginized, and the Sunday Afternoon Gospil Meetins fer Men haz bin a-holdin in the town hall, the men at the Kort House ain't interested in nuthin much of ennything else. The revivul in the churches is glorius. It's bin goin on fer seven weeks and the end ain't in site yet.

Marthy and I didn't talk about much of ennything else last nite but Larry Tippler and what a serprize hiz konvershun must have bin to the hole town, and what a diffrence it will make in hiz home—*if he'll only stick.*

After I went to bed I cuddent git to sleep fer thinkin about Larry; and I detarmined, if the Lord spared my life till mornin, to go down to the Kort House and git the particklers of the hole thing.

Well, Laban, that's what I did; and that's where I've bin all day, and I kan't go to bed till I've told you the story. I found Stant Needles, the Klass President, at the bank, and he filled me full of what the Adult Klasses wuz a-doin and had bin doin fer the redemshun of Jeriko Kort House.

You see, Laban, that the first pull that the boys made at Larry wuz last fall, when Judge

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Carpenter asked him if he woodent kum up to the Hussler's Bible Klass sum Sunday mornin.

Larry sed, "Thank yez, Jedge, but it 'll be a kowld mornin when yez see me in a Sunday-skool."

"But reely, Larry," sed the Judge, "I 'm in ernest in the matter. We wood all like to have you attend the Hussler's Klass."

"Thank yez," sed Larry, "yer mitey kind to spake a wurd of gintleness to such a good-fer-nuthin as I am, but yez 'll make better time if yez go after them what ain't got one foot in the grave."

Do you kno, Laban, that Larry cuddent git away frum the impresshun of that first invite. When the Judge walked on, Larry stood leanin on hiz broom, a-watchin of him go down the street; and Larry wuz sayin to himself, "Did iver yez see the likes of that?"

There's skarse bin a week sinct then that *sumbuddy* hazzent asked Larry to kum out to the Klass.

Last week, when Larry wuz hard at hiz wurk, Lon Hussle kame along and sed, "Larry, the Husslers is still waitin to see you at their meetin. Kan't you kum out? Kum out next Sunday mornin and jine the klass."

"Ah! yez duzzent want the likes of me among so menny gintlemen," sed Larry. "You kno what a poor mon I am. Why, I woodn't be

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with yez a munth afore I 'd disgrace yer klass and meself az well with me drink. No, I 'll not be there, thank yez!"

Laban, afore that day wuz over five more of the boys had invited Larry; and five the next day; and five the next; and five the next. And the next day wuz Sunday; and *Larry wuz there! Glory!*

My! what a recepshun the boys give him. If he 'd bin the President of the United States the boys cuddent have give him a better welkum. It wuz all bran new to Larry. He 'd never had so menny Christian fokes shake hands with him afore. About all the handshakes he 'd ever got wuz frum the saloon-keeper, and he 'd allers bin the wurse fer them.

That wuzzent the last time that Larry wuz at the klass meetin. He kame evry Sunday for four weeks; *and then he got drunk!*

What did the boys do? Did they let him go? *No, indeed!* They went rite after him. They sed, "Larry, do n't be discouraged! God knows yure fitin a hard battle. Try it agin, Larry. He 'll help you. Do n't stay away frum the klass next Sunday mornin. The devil will tempt you to stay home, and he will tell you that you've disgraced the klass. But do n't you bleeve him, Larry. Jesus loves you, and we love you, and we 'll give you the same glad hand if you 'll kum back. This mistake will

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never be menshuned. We want to help you, Larry."

Well, Laban, Larry wuz out the next Sunday. He kinder blushed when he went in, but the boys bunched round him and give him az good a recepshun az if he'd bin away a hole year. But, Laban, Larry *haddent bekum a Christian yet*. He wuz tryin to stand up strate in his own strenth.

Do you know, Laban, that Larry fell four times frum hiz drink in the next four munths, and each time he fell the boys wuz rite after him to help him on hiz feet agin, and to be sure that he wuddent miss a single Sunday at the klass. My! it wuz an awful fite fer poor Larry. *But he haddent give hiz heart to God yet*.

Larry wuz a Methodist by leenin, fer he had a Methodist muther, and hiz grandfather wuz a Methodist preecher. Here he wuz, belongin to a Methodist Sunday-skool, and he felt that if he wuz ever to be saved it wood be in a Methodist meetin. He kinder hoped, way down in hiz sole, that he'd be saved in the big meetin what's on now; tho he did n't tell nobuddy.

Well, the thing what wurked Larry up over himself mor'n ennything else wuz sumthin what happined one nite az he wuz goin down to the Methodist Church. He wuz feelin

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powerful serius. The Persperterian Church stands rite oppersit the Methodist Church, and as he wuz goin to meetin he herd singin in both churches. They wuz singin the last verse of the hymn, and they wuz both singin in the same key. The Methodists wuz singin serius-like, "Will there be enny stars in my krown?" Then the Persperterians follered, just like as if they wuz answerin the question, "*No, not one; No, not one.*"

Laban, that co-incerdence kinder fritened Larry. He 'd bin hopin that there 'd be at least *one* saved in the big meetin, and that *he 'd* be the one. When he went into the meetin he felt that he wuz lost forever. The meetin wuz powerful. When the preecher sed, "We 'll have a seezin of prayer, and whoever feels like it kin pray," that wuz Larry's chance. He heard all the evenin the ekko of them wurds, "No, not one," and he felt that he must give himself to God now or never.

Laban, rite then and there Larry prayed. He prayed on his *neez*. And he prayed out loud with such a pleedin voice that it made people cry to heer him. He sed, "O, Lord, save this poor sinner. O, Lord, save me frum this awful appetite what's dammin my sole. O, Lord, take it away frum me tonite. O, Lord, I kant save myself; thou art the only one that kin save me. O, Lord, I give myself to thee.

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O, Lord, bless these deer fellers who's tryin to help me stand up strate. O, Lord, I bleeve thou dost save me, now, and I thank thee fer it. Help me always to be faithful to thee. In Jesus' name. Amen."

Laban, the peeples what wuz there sed it wuz the most moovin prayer they ever herd. When he got threw evrybuddy in the room wuz weepin in simpathy with poor Larry. That very nite Larry konfessed his Saviour afore the peeples and jined the church, and he's bin happy and faithful ever sinct. He sez that God haz took the taste fer lickin away frum him, and that, ackordin to Skripter, he's a "new man in Christ Jesus." *Glory!*

That's the story, Laban. It's took rite smart of time to rite it, but I've enjoyed tellin of it.

That's the kind of wurk the Adult Klases of Jeriko Kort House is a-doin. It means the redemshun of the Kounty Seet. *Glory! Glory!*

Good nite, Laban. Marthy's readin the Misshunary Review of the World. She's so interested in it that she don't heer the pump at the oil well, but it's a-wurkin, and the oil well's still a-runnin. Luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER XI

Vizible Results of Adult Klass Doins at the Kort House

Dear Bruther Laban:

I'm rite smart bizzzy with the spring wurk, and I'm tired enuff to turn in rite now; but I lerned yeers ago to remember the advice of Sollerman, "Never put off till to-morrer what you kant help doin to-day." You awt not to be kept waitin anuther minnit fer Adult Bible Klass news down to the Kounty Seet.

It's bin almost ten munths sinct the Adult Klass Moovment struck Jeriko Kort House, and it's time that sum good wuz beginin to show frum it. Last nite when Marthy and I wuz havin a little vizit, just afore bed time, we wuz goin over the vizible results what haz kum to the churches and the peeple of the Kort House on ackount of the Adult Klass doins. It wuz just amazin what a lot of things we found; and I must rite you what they are, just to cheer you up in the good wurk out in Nebrasky.

In the first place the Adult Klass Moov-

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ment *has got the preechers together*. Afore the Adult Klases begun to work in the Kort House the preechers skarse knowed each other. O, of korse they'd *speek* as they passed by, and *shake hands*, kool-like, onct in a wile, but there *wuzzent no reel fellership*. Evry preecher wuz wurkin fer *himself*, and wuz puttin in overtime tryin to git ahed of the other feller. But, Laban, there ain't nun of that *now* in the Kounty Seet. The preechers is all *wurkin to win the game fer the Kingdom* just like the high skool boys wurks in the team to win the football game. There ain't one of them what wood do a thing that wood look like goin it alone. The question with them now is not "What will *our church* git out of it?" but "*What is fer the greatest good of the Kingdom in Jeriko Kort House?*" The peep of the Kounty Seet never saw such fellership among the churches afore. The preechers hold a little prayer meetin now evry Monday mornin, and they're in, evry now and then, fer a *Union Meetin*. *Glory!*

Laban, *that kind of fellership* is havin rite smart of a good effectt upon the peep what's out of the Kingdom, who've bin a-stumblin over the narreriness of the churches. They've bin sayin, "When the *churches* haz enuff Christianity to wurk together and be frends with each other, *then we'll take sum stock in re-*

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lijun." I tell you, Laban, the denominashunal fightin and narrerness of the last fifty yeer haz bin a kurse to the church; but that's dyin out now. Bless the Lord fer what the adult klass moovment is a-doin *fer the preechers!*

Then the Adult Klass Moovment has *wurked up a better feelin between the members of the diffrent churches.* Of korse that's nateral; fer when the sheperds gits together the sheep will begin to mix a little more free. There ain't so much mean and gossippy talk about the "*other*" church az there onct wuz among the diffrent church members. *Now* the Christian peepke of the town likes to git together like az if they belonged to one famly. *Glory!*

Now, Laban, don't you git a noshun that I've gone back on our good old Methodist Church, and that I'm backslidin frum the Methodist docktrin. No, indeed! I woodent give much fer a Christian what ain't a good strong member of some denominashun, and haz sum good solid beleefs in the docktrines of Skriptur. If he's a *Methodist*, he orter be a red-hot Methodist. If he's a *Perspeterian*, he orter be a foreordinashun, bloo Perspeterian. If he's a *Baptist*, he orter be a deep-water Baptist. If he's an *Episkerpailyun*, he orter be a prayer-book, full-dress, gold-plated Episkerpailyun. But at the same time he orter have so much of the spirit of Jesus Christ that he

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kin give the rite hand of Christian fellership and cooperashun to enny man or woman the world round, and jine hands with them in helpin the Lord Jesus Christ win this world to himself.

Laban, I don't kno what I'll do when I git up to heaven (where I've got to live forever with *all* God's childern) if I don't mix a little with *all* good fokes down heer, and *git a little used to it* afore I make the change. Bless the Lord fer what the Adult Klass Moovment is a-doin fer the hole Kingdum of God! Glory!

Then the Adult Klass Moovment is *solvin the boy problem* at the Kounty Seet. Don't you remember, Laban, when you lived in these parts, that when boys got to be fourteen or fifteen they'd drop out of the Sunday-skool, and on Sunday, at the time of Sunday-skool, they'd sit around on the store boxes and horse blocks, and loaf about the depo, and just laze around town? Well, the boys at the Kort House kept that up till about six munths ago. They did it bekaws that's what the *men* did. But if you'd go down to the Kounty Seet now on Sunday at Sunday-skool time, and at preechin time, you'd find mitey few boys and yung fellers on the street. *They're goin to Sunday-skool now*; fer that's what the *men* are doin. Fokes used to say yeers ago, "Git

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the boy and you 'll have the man." That ain't true; fer the adult klass moovment haz proved that "*If you git the man, you 'll have the boy.*" Bless the Lord fer what the Adult Klass Moovement haz dun, and is a-doin, fer the *boys!*

Then the Adult Klass Moovement is *helpin out the preechin service*. Do you kno, Laban, that most of the preechers in the Kounty Seet is preechin to more men than wimmin these days? They are! I tell you it looks good on Sunday mornins and evenins to see the men pourin into the house of God. I kan't imagin how the wimmin must feel. The deer sisters haz bin holdin down the pews in the churches fer so menny yeers that it must seem mitey strange to *them* to see so menny men in the church. Marthy sez that this revivul among the men is one of the sines of the millenyum. Bless the Lord that it's a-kummin!

Then the Adult Klass Moovement at the Kort House is *solvin the study of the lesson at home*. That wuzzent thawt of when the moovement wuz startid. It's bin one of the *unexpecktid* results. I tell you, Laban, when the hed of the house gits down the Bible evry day and sets himself to studyin of the Sunday-skool lesson, he takes rite smart interest in havin the rest of the famly study the lesson too. Why, do you kno that the teecheders all say that

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the skollars who are the sons of men in the Adult Klassen kum to Sunday-skool now with lots better lessons than they had afore the Adult Klass Moovment begun moovin. Glory! Thank the Lord fer *that!*

Then, in sum famlys, *it haz startid up famly alters*. I kno of four famlys where the famly alter had died down, and where the voice of prayer haddent bin herd in the home fer yeers. Now, in them same homes, famly prayers is held evry day. I tell you, Laban, *that's a vizable rezult wurth talkin about*. A moovment that will do *that* ain't nuthin short of a revivul of relijun. When the father of the famly is not only the hed of the house, but a preest in hiz own household, then the father gives the children sumthin they kant never git away frum. They may fergit lots what the father sez, but they kant never fergit the picktur of father bowin reverent afore God evry day at the famly alter. Boys and girls remember what they see lots longer than what they *heer*. Thank the Lord fer what the Adult Klass Moovment haz dun fer the famly alter at the Kort House. *Glory!*

Then the Adult Klass Moovment *haz saved a lot of fokes*. Why, Laban, I have a feelin, way down in my sole, that there woodent have bin no revivul at the Kort House if it haddent

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bin fer the orginized Adult Bible Klassen. When the big meetins begun all the Adult Klassen got rite under. The men cut out all their wurldly engagements, and stood by the meetin. Larry Tippler's konvershun give the men a taste of sole winnin, and they went to onct into the bizness with both feet.

The revivul in the Methodist church wuz zent one of them new-fangled meetins where peeples gits into the Kingdum by signin of a kard. There wuz a *mourners' bench*, and *ex-ortin*, and the peeples wuz saved the way John Wesley and Bishop Simson and Moody and a lot more Christians what haz power wuz saved. The church wuz invited up around the alter to pray and sing with the mourners. And they sung, "Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?" "Just As I am," and "There is a Fountain," and "Happy Day," and "Turn to the Lord, and Seek Salvashun," and the old revivul hymns of the church. And the part the Husslers took in the meetin wuz glorius. When the preecher sed, "Let the bruthers and the sisters kum round the alter," the Husslers riz to onct, and kame forward like az if they wuz ankshus to help. Then they wurked like sixty between meetins. They talked relijun on the streets, and in the stores, and in the shoe facktry. They got *bizzy* fer the Lord. Bless the Lord,

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Laban, fer a relijun what sets a feller on fire with a passhun for soles! Almost evry feller in Lon Hussler's klass what didn't kno the Lord when they jined is now saved and in the church. *Glory!*

Then the Adult Klass Moovment *haz made lots of homes happier*. O, Laban, you kant imajin what a diffrence there is in right smart of the homes in Jeriko Kort House sinct the Adult Bible Klass Moovment begun moovin. Let me pint you to one kase.

There's Hal Richards' famly! Why, Laban, afore the Adult Klass idee struck the Kort House, Bess Richards skarse knowed what a *husband* is. When Hal wuz kortin Bess he used to go and see her most evry nite in the week and a cupple of times on Sunday. But after they got married the honey-moon lasted only about six weeks. It did n't amount to nuthin. About the only time Hal wood spend at home wuz meel-times and sleepin hours. Yes, Hal belongs to the church, but he quit goin soon after he wuz married. He'd spend most of his evenins in the lodges, and down to the stores, and he'd leave poor Bess to go traipsin off to church and prayer meetin *alone*. Bess haddent no kind of a *life!* She stayed home most evry nite with the childern, and after they wuz put to bed she'd sit, and reed, and

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think; and sometimes she 'd cry. Bess haddent bin married mor'n three munths afore she made up her mind that married life wuzzent all it wuz cracked up to be if husbands did n't give their famlys enny more attenshun than Hal give to *hiz* home.

But, Laban, you 'd orter see Bess *now*! Sinct Hal jined the Husslers she 's bin the happiest woman in seven counties. Hal 's got a new idee of what a husband orter be to a wife. He goes to church with her now, and sits in the seet with her. He stays home at nites and plays with the childern and reeds to Bess. He wurks round the house fixin up lots of little things what 'll make the wurk eazier for Bess. He 's made a spring garden, and haz bilt a new grape arber. He 's quit usin terbacker, and now he haz kleen lips when he kisses *hiz* wife and the babies. He haz a famly alter too. He takes his wife out ridin now and then, and onct in a wile brings home to Bess a box of kandy, the way he used to do afore he wuz married. O, Laban, Hal 's a new man; and it 's all kum bekaws he got clost to God's Wurd, and haz bin showed what a selfish life he wuz livin afore.

Hal ain't the *only* man what 's turned over a new leef as husband and father since the Adult Klasses begun the good wurk they're doin at the Kounty Seet. Thank the Lord fer

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what the Adult Klass Moovment is doin in the
makin of happy homes in Jeriko Kort House!
Glory!

Evrythins goin along as usual at Brush
Fork. Marthy's well. We're havin fine spring
wether. The Sunday-skool's a-flurrishin, and
the oil well's still a-runnin. *Glory!*

Give my luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER XII

The Big Men's Perrade at Brush Fork

My Deer Laban:

On the next mornin after I rote your last letter, just after breckfast, Squire Decker and Sam Puttyman kame strollin slow-like into our frunt gate. I knowed frum the way they wuz walkin that they had sumthin in their heds. The wether wuz rainin rite smart, and we wuz havin one of them damp, dark, drizzlin, depressin days, when a feller kant do no wurk outside.

As I wuz sayin, Squire Decker and Sam Puttyman kame over fer to make a kall. You kno that Squire Decker wuz the first President of the orginized men's klass of the Brush Fork Methodist Episkirple Church, orginized two yeer back. Well, he's president yet; and Sam's the teecher. *This* is the klass what's tied up to our skool, and I'm rite smart proud of it, fer it's the first one orginized in Sheepskin Kounty, and it haz kinder sot the pace fer the hole bunch of orginized classes down to the Kounty Seet.

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It's clost on to a yeer, now, sinct I rote you ennything about the Brush Fork klass, bekaws I've had all I kin do to keep you postid on the wurk of the Adult Klasses down to the Kort House. Don't you fool yureself, Laban, by gittin the noshun that the Brush Fork klass ain't bin doin nuthin, fer it's bin wurkin rite along stedly, and is doing az much fer Brush Fork as the Kort House klasses is doin fer the Kounty Seet.

Marthy watched the Squire and Sam sawnter up the gravel walk, and watched them both wipe the mud off their boots on to the grass, and when they stepped up on the porch Marthy wuz there to welkum them. She took the Squire's rubber kote and Sam's umbreller out to the kichin, where they could drip on the wood floor without doin enny harm, and then we all drewed up our chairs round the sittin room table fer to have a vizzit.

"Well, naybors," sed I, "I'm powerful glad to see you. What have you got on yure minds to-day that druv you out into this storm?"

"It's rite smart important," sed the Squire, "or we wuddent kum. We've kum over, Timothy, to git yure opinyun on havin the orginized men's klass of our skool git up a big Men's Sunday Skool Field Day, on the last Sunday afternoon in May, fer the purpus of awakenin Adult Klass intrest in Isreel Township

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among the other skools. Do you kno, Timothy, that the orginized klass in the Methodist skool is the only one in the township? There's the Baptist skool at Bunyun Kreek, and the United Bruthrin skool at Otterbine, and the Reform skool at Hydelberg Korner, and the Decyple skool at Camelville, besides the Persperterian skool at Kalvin Center; and there ain't an orginized Adult Klass in the hole bunch. Now, if we could have a sort of Sunday Skool Field Day fer *Men*, and get up sumthin wurth wile, I have a noshun that it woud rezult in locatin a klass in evry one of them skools. What do you think, Timothy?"

"My! that sounds refreshin," sed I. "That spirit's in keepin with twentieth censhury Christianity. I've allers felt that the Methodist Church wuz big enuff and strong enuff to do a hole lot of *Kingdom wurk* az well az denominashunal wurk. No church kin ever git much of a Kingdom vishun what is allers lookin out first fer *itself*. I've notised as I've gone threw life that *nobuddy sees less than the feller what's allers lookin out fer number one*.

"Yes," sed I, goin rite on, "that skeem strikes me all rite; that's a good skeem, and I'll do ennything I kin to help it along. But I'm rite smart bored to find that I've bin wurkin the Adult Klass bizness so hard at the Kort House that I've bin fergittin to orginize

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Adult Kllasses rite here to home. Have you got enny plans wurked out fer the field day?" sed I.

"O, yes!" sed the Squire, confident-like. "The plan is to have it on Sunday afternoon, and to ask each one of the kllasses at the Kort House to send a delegashun of at leest ten, and more if posserble. Then we want to invite *all* the men in Isreel Township what belongs to the Sunday-skool, wether they belong to orginized kllasses or not. You see, Timothy, that we don't intend to make it simply an *Adult Klass* Demonstrashun but a *Men's Sunday Skool Field Day*, in the *intrest of the Adult Klass* Moovment. You see, on that plan, we kin take into it *all the men* who are *attendin* Sunday-skool. We kin have the preechers and the Sunday-skool offisers and the men teechers into the doins. The idee is to have the meetin in the Town Hall—the biggest bildin in town, where lots of fokes wood go who wuddent go to the churches. And then we intend to have a *perrade*, and ——"

Marthy broke into the konversashun just then. It wuzzent her meetin, but she broke in just the same, and sed, "Fer the land's sake! You don't intend to have a *PERRADE on the Lord's Day*, do you?"

"Why not?" sed the Squire, turnin to Marthy. "Ain't it just az relijus to have a lot

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of men march to a relijus meetin *together*, as to have them go *one at a time*? The men haz bin goin to church one-at-a-time long enuff, and sumtimes they ain't gone even one-at-a-time. Yes, we're goin to have a *perrade*, and the Brush Fork Brass Band is goin to lead the march, playin 'Onward, Christian Soljers.'"

"*Land of Goshen!* What next?" sed Marthy, emfatick-like, resumin her nittin.

The Squire then went on with hiz story. "I wuz over to Yallertown the other day, and the leeder of the band sed that if the skools of them parts wood sent up a delegashun, the Yallertown Silver Kornet Band wood give their playin fer nuthin."

Laban, afore the Squire and Sam went home that day the plan and the program fer the Field Day wuz pretty well wurked out. They asked me to see the Husslers at the Kounty Seet and git them to jine in the doins, and to fetch az menny of the other klasses frum the Kounty Seet az posserble.

Well, Laban, the "Men's Sunday Skool Field Day" kame off last Sunday. It wuz the biggest thing Brush Fork ever saw. Squire Decker and Sam Puttyman wurked the thing up good. Brush Fork will never fergit that last Sunday in May.

The wether on Field Day Sunday wuz az fine as silk. Long afore noon the peeples be-

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gun kummin in frum the country. Most evry-buddy in town that had enny relashuns or kin livin within fifteen miles of town had kumpany fer dinner. The after-dinner chores wuz soon dun up, and I went up to the church to march with the men. I did n't git there one minnit too erly, fer the klass wuz alreddy formin in line fer to go down and meet the bunch of boys frum Yallertown at the Kreek bridge. I wuz invited to march at the hed of the klass, rite after the band, and, of korse, that's what I did.

O, Laban, it wuz grand! I remember, about forty yeer ago, when I fooled with a lot of swarmin bees that I felt rite smart swelled up fer some time after, but sinct then I've never felt quite so swelled up as I did last Sunday. I do n't believe I'll feel enny prowder when I march threw the Perley Gates than I felt in that perrade. *Glory!*

There wuz eighty-four out of eighty-seven members of our klass in line when the percesshun started. Mayor Easton and Squire Decker hedded the percesshun, and we marched down to the Brush Fork bridge to meet the delegashun frum Yallertown nayborhood. There wuz forty of them and they'd marched mor'n two miles. They kame trampin cross the bridge, with the Yallertown band a-playin, and banners flyin, like drilled soljers. A feller

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in frunt carried a banner what red, "*Where Men Go Boys Will Foller.*" When our klass got to the bridge the boys lined up in two lines, like the Masons do at a funral, and let the Yallertown krowd march between the lines, and take the leed in the percesshun up to the trolley stashun, to meet the fellers frum the Kort House.

Laban, what do you think! It took five speshul cars fer to bring down the delegashuns frum the Kounty Seet. There wuz mor'n 250 of them, and they brawt the Jeriko Kort House Men's Federashun Brass Band with them. Glory! Evry orginized Adult Klass of men in the Kort House had sumbuddy fer to represent it. And evry klass had a diffrent banner. Sum had two. Here are sum of the mottos what wuz painted on them:

"Father, Give Your Boy a Good Example."

"Get Right With God!"

"The Saloons Must Go!"

"Study God's Word!"

"Papa, Be Careful Where You Step, For I'm Coming After You."

"Washington, McKinley, Garfield, and Roosevelt Were Christians; Are You?"

"Get Close to God's Word!"

"Sheepskin Kounty Must Be Dry!"

"We Love the Saloon Keeper, But We Hate the Saloon."

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"Join the Sunday Skool."

At the Persperterian Church we picked up about fifty delegashuns frum skatterin skools over the Kounty, and then the hole percesshun marched the full length of the Main street, way up beyond the hotel. By this time the streets wuz krowded. There wuz skarse a man in town who could stand on two legs what wuz-zent either in the percesshun or a-watchin of it frum the sidewalk.

When the percesshun had marched up to the end of the Main street, with the three bands, and the banners and the flags a-flyin, the Husslers brawt out a big United States flag sixty feet long and lined up around it and carried it in the perrade flat. *Glory!*

Then the percesshun begun good and earnest. The three bands jined together and made a big band of sixty peeces. After the band kame nine preechers, then the big flag, and then the men *marchin twelve abreast*. The band played "Onward, Christian Soljers" over and over agin az they marched. It played so lowd that fokes herd it on Lige Tucker's farm, two miles out. There wuzzent enny hoorayin, Laban, nor enny carryin-on like there is on a week day. The peeples looked happy. It made a feller feel that there wuz *a few fokes on the Lord's side, after all*, and that they wuzzent afeered to show their

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kullers. It wuz mitey impressin to see so menny men who wuz glad to let peepke kno they belonged to the army of the Lord.

I saw sum of the old men what cuddent march wipe teers frum their eyes at the site, and the three saloon keepers in town looked mitey solum-like, fer they saw in the percesshun the "hand-ritin on the wall." Lots of fokes what deklared the thing would fizzle looked mitey surprized, and the preechers looked az happy az they ever looked at a donashun.

The doors of the Town Hall wuz kept locked until the percesshun arrived; then they wuz opined fer the men what marched. They just poured into the bildin like a Niagara Falls. When they all got in there wuz room in the gallery fer just fifteen wimmin who wuz detarmined to see what wuz goin on.

Well, Laban, I kant begin to tell you all what went on in the meetin. The bands played, and the men sung till the bildin trembled. There wuz a cupple of prayers offered, then Dr. Parkson delivered an address what stirred the men mor'n enny politikle speech what wuz ever got off in the town. The krowd laffed or cryed or applawded whenever he felt like makin them do it. *It wuz a relijus az well az a moovin speech.* It made the men feel like bein better.

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It made them feel that the strongest thing what a man kin do is to put hiz hand in the hand of God and walk with him.

The most moovin part of the hole meetin wuz just at the close of the speech. The Doctor picked up a little six-yeer-old boy who wuz sittin on the platform with his papa, Mayor Easton, and lifted him up on the table. As the little feller stood there, dressed in wite, lookin, innercent-like, around at the krowd, the Doctor put hiz arm around him and talked quiet-like to the men. He sed, "Men, how good God has bin to give us childern to bless our homes, and to play on our streets! I bleeve you never look into the face of a child like this without wishin to God that you'd bin kept az pure and innercent and good as he is now. How these little fokes rebuke us in our sinfulness! How they kall to us to be pure and true! *THESE are the little fellers we should live for!* They will soon take our places, and they'll be good or bad just az we make them so by our example and teechin. *These* are the fellers I plead for—for the blessed little boys, your sons and grandsons. God bless them!"

Then the Doctor hugged the little boy rite clost to hiz great big heart and body, planted a kiss on the cheek of the little sunbeem, and took hiz seat.

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There wuzzent ennybuddy who could speek for a minnit after that. Great big strong men wuz cryin like little childern. The little boy had preeched a sermon what they cuddent never fergit. There wuz nuthin to do but to pray then.

O, Laban, if you had seen that house full of men in silent prayer, a-sobbin, and serius-like, you'd a-thawt that the Lord wuz there in power; and He wuz, Laban! *Glory!*

Hello, here, I've kum to the end of my paper and I've got to quit. There's a lot more to tell, but the pump at the oil well's a-squeekin, and I must go down and fix it. Luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER XIII

Big-Brutherin a Bunch of Flytown Yungsters

My Deer Bruther Laban:

On Sunday afternoon, four or five weeks back, when wife and I wuz talkin at the dinner table, our tellyfone started ringin.

"Hold up a minnit," sed Marthy. "Lissin, Timothy!"

Then Marthy cocked her eyes up to the ceilin, like she allers duz when she's a-countin, and counted, "One, two, three—three-e-e. *Three!* 'Three shorts.' That's it! Four longs and three shorts.' Yes, that's *our* kall," sed Marthy, puttin fer the tellyfone box.

When Marthy starts to anser the tellyfone she allers says "Four longs and three shorts," or mebbby she sez, "Four shorts and three longs;" I fergit wich. Enny way, she's got so used to the Stand-by kall (whatever it is) that she kin tell it day or nite—wakin or sleepin.

I never anser the tellyfone if I kin git out of it. You see, Laban, our tellyfone's a *party*-line, and our ring iz "Four shorts and three

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longs," or mebbby it's "Four longs and three shorts," I fergit wich. At enny rate, it's such a konfusin thing that it's rite smart of a trick to pick it out frum the everlastin ringin and dingin of our bell.

When the tellyfone man put in our tellyfone he sed, "Mr. Stand-by, I'll give you an eezy kall, 'Four longs and three shorts,' or mebbby he sed, 'Four shorts and three longs,' I fergit wich. But whatever way it be, it's my noshun that he's bin altogether too libral with both hiz longs and hiz shorts, fer by the time I've kountid all the *longs*, and got to the end of kountin the *shorts*, I fergit how menny *longs* I kountid, and I'm all mixed up on the *shorts*, and I don't kno where I'm at.

No, Laban, I do n't never anser the tellyfone, except when I'm alone. At *them* times I do n't try to do nuthin else. I jest git a chair, and sit down by the tellyfone box, and anser the bell evry time it rings, fer feer I'll miss sumbuddy what's tryin to git us.

Wall, az I wuz goin to say, Marthy ansered the tellyfone, and found Ed Colyer of Jeriko Kort House on the other end of the line, and he wanted to talk to *me*.

"H-e-l-l-o! Bruther Colyer," I hollered. "What kin I do fer yer?"

"Aire you goin to be home all day?" he answered.

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"Y-a-a-s," I`sed.

"Wall, I guess I`ll run down on the next trolly, and see you about a new skeem the Husslers Adult Class is wurkin at."

"Kum rite along!" I hollered, "the lach string`s allers out at our house. We`ll be glad to see yer."

Well, Laban, in little mor`n an hour Ed Colyer wuz sittin on our side porch. And you kant guess what he kame fer. He sed that he had bin appintid by the Husslers one of a speshul kommittee to wurk up a "Fresh Air Vakashun Trip" for fifty Flytown yungsters from Cincinnaty.

He sed that he had a bruther what lived in Cincinnaty, who wuz rite smart intrested in Haig`s Misshun down in Flytown in the slums of the big city, and he had perpozod that the Husslers find fifty homes fer fifty boys and girls from the awful poor famlys of Flytown and give them a spell of two weeks out in the country, where they kin git a breth of good air and have their fill of fresh milk and country kookin, and git away frum the filth and dirt and saloons and wickedness of Flytown.

"That`s a grate skeem, Bruther Colyer," sed I. "That`s the kind of Christianity what *kounts*. But what do you want *me* to do?"

"Well," he sed, "I want you to help git places fer about twenty of the yungsters in

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the Brush Fork nayborhood. I thawt you mite start the ball a-rollin by takin one, or two, or three, or four *yourself*."

"How old are these Flytown yungsters?" asked Marthy.

"All the way frum seven-and-ate to leven-and-twelve," sed Ed Colyer.

"I skarse bleeve that we kin take mor'n two," sed Marthy. "Two 'll be better than one, fer *one* little feller, all alone by himself, will git rite smart lonely, but *two* will kinder be kumpany fer each other."

"Why, yes, Edward," sed I, "I 'll do what I kin to land a duzzin or two in these parts. I don't kno how I 'll make out on it."

Well, Laban, that wuz just what Bruther Colyer wanted. He wuz rite smart pleezed, and could skarse git over thankin us fer helpin him out.

On the follerin mornin I started out fer to find places for the Flytown yungsters, and afore nite I had *fifteen*. Glory!

I tell you, Laban, gittin places for such fokes ain't no picknick. Afore I 'd gone very far my eyes wuz opined to a hole lot of human natur what I had no idee wuz in the wurld. Why, sum of the very fokes I thawt sure would be *glad* to opin their homes fer two weeks to sum poor starvin yungster *turned me down hard*.

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There wuz Pete Myzer; when I asked him, he took me kleen off my feet. Pete's rich. He lives in the best house in Sheepskin Kounty. He owns six farms and a duzzen oil wells. He spends lots of money on himself, and mitey little on the Lord. He fetches hiz famly to church in an ortermobeel. He sits on the third pew frum the alter, and allers puts a nickel on the kolleckshun plate (that is, if he happins to have enny change). I knowed he wuz rite smart clost with his *money*, but I allers giv him credit fer havin a *hart*. But, Laban, *he hain't got nun*; or if he *haz* it's such a meezly little thing that it wood be mitey hard to find it in hiz anatermy.

Think of hiz corn cribs bustin with corn, and hiz barns bustin with hay, and hiz house bustin with furniture, and hiz pocketbook bustin with money. Think of what a grate time he could giv to one of them starvin Flytown youngsters if he wantid to. Think what it wood mean to a poor boy to spend a few days in such a house az Pete lives in, and sit down to such cookin az he eats. Think of the fun a Flytown youngster could have up in hiz haymow, or fishin out of Brush Fork, or ramblin threw the woods, or follerin the farm hands round the farm when they're wurkin or doin up the chores. Think of a Flytown boy sleepin on top of a wool mattress in a spring bed. Think

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of such a yungster drinkin buttermilk, and eatin hunny and hot biskit and maple sirrup.

Pete mite have give sum poor boy the time of hiz life, and he'd bin lots richer fer doin of it. But, Laban, he wood n't do it. He wood n't *do it*. *Think on it; he wood n't do it!* Pete stood leenin on one foot, lookin at me kinder sideways az I wuz tellin him about it, and then, without takin a minnit to think it over, he sed, (az kold az an ice box), "Wall, Timothy, I gess we kan't do it. It'll be too much *bother*."

When I went down the road I kept mumblin "*bother!*" "*bother!*" "*bother!*" I wunder if he never red the wurds of Jesus, "Inasmuch az ye have dun it unto one of the leest of these ye have dun it unto me." Yes, Laban, after *such* a jolt it's mitey hard fer me to take much stock in Pete's relijun.

But I'm thankful that lots of the fokes wuz glad to help me out, and most of them wuz famlys what's only moderit well off. Only two of our *rich* naybors wuz willin to help. The others wuz afeered the yungsters wood spile the furniture, or dirty the carpet, or brake sum vases, or do sum damage of sum kind.

Well, Laban, our two yungsters kame last Monday, and they're goin to stay till Saturday week. Their names is George Webber and Filip Wilson, but George kalls Filip "Skinny,"

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and Filip kalls George "Dutch." Them's the names they go by in the city. They're as sharp a teem of youngsters as ever you sot yure eyes on. George is ten and Filip is leven. They're both little runts fer their yeers, but they're lightning at lernin things. Filip is peekid-lookin. He ain't much mor'n skin and bones, and George ain't much better.

They've bin heer only five days, but it seems like az if they'd bin heer fer a *munth*. They keep both of us bizzy anserin questions and watchin to keep them out of mischeef. But, Laban, we're reely enjoyin it, and the youngsters is havin a time they'll never fergit to their dyin day. They're powerful took up with the oil well. They often watch it pump. They like everythin about it except the smell. They wuz never in the woods afore, and they spend rite smart of their time there a-watchin of the squirrils and the chipmunks and the birds. They've got together a hole lot of moss to take home. They've bilt a dam down in the run, and they've bin floatin little boats and splashin round in the water. Filip is a grate reeder. Every minnit he's in the house he haz hiz nose in a book.

They kick on takin a bath evry nite afore goin to bed, but Marthy makes them mind. I herd the boys talkin after they turned in last nite, and Filip sed, "Gee! Dutch, a feller's got

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ter walk chalk round *heer*. Mother Stand-by sez the rule of the house fer boys is, '*No mind, no stay!*' "

At famly prayers we pray fer George and Fil, and fer their fathers and mothers; and evry nite Marthy fills the yungsters so full of Bible stories about Joseph and Daniel and Joshua and Elijah that they kin never be satisfied fer her to quit. We're both prayin that the little fellers will go home lovin and servin Jesus. *Glory!*

Sam Puttyman's famly took two little fresh-air girls, and Sam kin skarse work fer watchin of them play. They never afore saw a cow. They pet the flowers and talk to them az if they wuz dolls. The lites in the city is so brite that the girls haddent never noticed but one or two big stars in the skies. They coax to sit up late so's to watch the stars. They asked Sam if the grass wood brake off if they rolled on it, and if heven is az nice a place az this. Sam sez he's paid fer all the truble he'll have with the girls in just seein how much happiness is bein piled into their lives. *Glory!*

Evrybuddy what took the fresh-air children is receivin what allus kums to fokes who do sumthin *worth wile* fer poor fokes. The Brush Fork nayberhood is gittin lots more out of it than the childern, fer they've lerned rite smart about how little poor fokes in the city

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have, and how menny blessins country folks haz that are so kommon that they never appreshiate them.

O, Laban, if the Adult Klasses in the cities of Ameriky wood do fer a bunch of poor city kids what the Husslers haz done fer the Flytown yungsters, they 'd be ministerin angels to thousands of childern who never see nuthin but sidewalks and buildins and waggons and kars and krowds of peeple, and who kno nuthin about what *real* outdoors meens.

I'm goin to take Fil and George down to the Kort House tomorrer and git each of them a soot of clothes. *Thank the Lord fer the oil well money!* That reminds me that the oil well's still a-runnin and things is goin on all rite at the farm. The crops is fine, and we're all well and happy. Luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER XIV

The Hussler's Sunday Skool Kamp in Joneses Woods

My Dear Bruther Laban:

I don't kno how the wether's bin out to Nebrasky, but its bin powerful hot in these parts. Fer three weeks now the wether's bin just sizzlin; and there's bin right smart of rain along with it until a week ago. It's an awful seezin fer weeds, and it's bin a sorter neck-and-neck race ever since corn-plantin whether the farmers or the weeds wood git the crops. But fer a week now there ain't bin no rain and the roads is reely gittin rite smart dusty.

Marthy wuz down to Jeriko Kort House yisterday fer a little vizzit to sister Mandy. Mandy told her what the Husslers' Adult Bible Klass wuz doin fer the boys and girls in the Junyer and Intermejit departments in the Methodist Sunday-skool in Jeriko Kort House. They opened up a Sunday Skool Kamp in Joneses Woods. It aint a kamp *meetin*, but a *kamp*; and the Husslers perpoze to run it fer two munths in the summer fer the good of the

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wigglin boys and the gigglin girls of the skool. They must have been wurkin it mitey quiet-like, fer it had n't got in the Kounty paper.

Marthy told me all about it az soon az she kame back from the Kort House. I wuz so powerful interested in the skeem that I could skarse do up the chores. I wuz most dyin to run down to the kounty seet and git on to the partickelers.

Well, Laban, afore I got a chance to do that Stant Needle's ortermobeel kame flyin down the pike. I knowed it wuz the Needle's ortermobeel, for it's got a lot of them horns on it what sounds just a little like a pipe organ—not a *whole* pipe organ, but like as if the ortermobeel had picked up two or three organ pipes what had got astray and hitched them to the machine in place of a horn. Of korse the pipes is so much expozed to the wether that they sound mitey horse and husky. But that's all rite, fer the tunes they give out is not intended to be an organ recital, but a warnin to *flee fer yure life*, and not look back, fer feer you'll be kilt.

But, as I wuz sayin, Needle's ortermobeel-pipe-organ kame flyin down the pike and I hiked out to the gate to stop her. Stant saw my red bandanner a-wavin and druv up along side the gate.

"Good-mornin, Unkle Timothy; how are



STANT NEEDELS.

"Stant flies around the country in a pipe-organ-ortermo-
beel on the Lord's bizness, and he kums nigh bein
in four places at the same time."

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yer? and how's Ant Marthy? and how's the oil well and all the rest of the famly?"

"The oil well's still a-runnin," sez I, "and fer the other members of the famly, they're all tolrable-like."

"And what's new?" sed Stant.

"That's what I want to kno," sed I. "I never herd nuthin about the Husslers' kamp in Joneses woods till yisterday, and I'm dyin to find out about it. That's why I desided to stop yure machine az soon az I herd yure or-termobeel-pipe-organ a-snortin on the other side of yon hill."

"Well," sed Stant, "there ain't much to tell about it except that the kamp's *startid* and the boys is *there*, and it's wurkin better than we thawt it wood.

"This is the skeem," sed Stant, goin right on. "You see the Methodist skool at the Kort House kinder peters out every summer. The boys and girls sorter lose intrest and quit kum-min. So the Husslers planned to open a Sunday Skool Kamp in Joneses woods, where the boys and girls could kamp out. The Husslers put the matter afore the Sunday Skool Board and agreed to pervide the tents and a cook and the meels and the kamp fixins. The boys and girls of the skool wuz to be charged \$2 a week. The skool wuz to be divided into squads of twenty, and each squad wuz to be in the kamp

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frum Monday mornin till Saturday noon. The boys wuz to have the kamp one week and the girls the next. If ennybuddy wuz too poor to pay the \$2, he could pay az much az he wuz able, and the Husslers and the 'Big Sisters' Klases wuz to pay the rest. One of the Husslers each week wuz to be detailed to live with the boys and have charge of the kamp. When the girls is in kamp a Hussler *and his wife* is to father and mother the squad, and at nite an extry man is to sleep in the kamp as a gard."

"Well, that's a fine skeem," sed I. "It's kinder strange I've herd nuthin about it afore. You've bin mitey quiet about it all. Do you say the kamp is goin on now?"

"O, yes, Unkle Timothy, it's bin goin on fer two weeks," sed Stant.

"And haz the boys bin willin to pay the \$2?" sed I.

"Well, I should say they had," sed Stant, proud-like. "They run errands and did chores and sold skrap iron and glass bottles and old rubbers—anythin to git the money. They've bin countin on it fer weeks, and we've never had such a big summer attendance at skool."

"Well, now look here, Bruther Needels," sed I, "I ain't talked the matter over with Marthy, but our oil well's still a-runnin, and if Marthy ain't got no objekshuns, I want sum

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of the oil well money to help pay for the poor youngsters what kan't go fer lack of money. If you have enny sich, let us know.

"But say," sed I, goin right on, "kin a feller kum out and *vizzit* the kamp if he wants to?"

"Why, certainly," sed Stant, "we're invitin the frends of the boys to kum out and look the kamp over and eat a meel with the boys, fer wich they'll have to pay fifteen cents. If ennybuddy haz a noshun, they kin bring out a kontribushun of some kookeys, or jam, or ham, or mapel sirrup, or fresh eggs, or pertaters, or corn and sich. All sich donashuns will be thankfully received."

Just then Stant sed he had to go. He played a little scrap of a tune on hiz organ pipes, which kame nigh skarin to deth Sam Puttyman's kolt and sent it skamperin fer the woods; then he druv on.

As Stant startid off he hollered back, "I fergot to say, there's a tellerfone at the kamp, and that Will Eppes is in charge this week. Kall him up. Good-bye, Unkle Timothy! Keep the oil well a-runnin!"

Well, Laban, it ain't necessary fer me to say that I wuzzent in the house ten minnits afore I wuz talkin to Will Eppes, and afore I rung off we had it all fixed to kum out to kamp fer dinner the next day and stay durin the afternoon and evenin.

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Marthy sot to wurk to onct to git a lot of grub fer the kamp boys. She had me kill six yaller-legged chickens, and she made up az fine a lot of fried chicken az you ever sot yure eyes on. She made up ten dozen kookies and got out some jars of rasberry and blackberry jam, a gallon of maple sirrup, two loafes of homemade bread, a bushel of potatoes, and a half a bushel of hickery nuts. If I haddent put on the brakes she 'd about busted the farm with her generosity.

The next mornin we loded the stuff in the spring waggon and startid off fer the kamp.

Well, Laban, if I should tell you all we saw and herd that day it wood fill a book. The boys wuz waitin fer us, and when they saw old Nell trottin down the road, and Marthy sittin at my side under her green parasol, they began hoorayin like Komanchy Injuns. They piled into the back of the waggon till old Nell thawt she'd bin sudden-like hooked on to a koal trane.

There wuz a big banner stretched between the trees, and on it wuz painted in big letters, "Kamp Hussle." I never saw nuthin nicer than the cirkle of white tents in the woods. In the middle of the cirkle about twenty-five stones wuz sot around the smolderin ashes of the kamp fire of the nite afore. The stones wuz the seets fer the boys.

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A little off to one side wuz a flag-pole with "Old Glory" flyin at the top of it. Glory! And the tents wuz az fine az a feller could wish fer. In each one wuz a bed, a cupple of kamp stools, a little table, a granit wash basin, sope and towls, and a kandle and kandle-stick. It wuzzent too kumfortable—just enuff to make the boys feel they wuz ruffin it.

Will Eppes wuz az proud of his bunch of boys and the kamp az if he wuz the daddy of every last one of them. He took us over to the dinin tent, which wuz fer use only in bad wether, and to the kichin, which wuz nuthin but a cookin stove with a peece of a kanvass streched over it. We took a look at the swimmin hole on the banks of the Brush Fork, and then went back to kamp agin.

The boys wuz rite smart kurious. They kept eyin the things in the waggon az if they'd like to know if enny of the stuff we'd brawt wuz fer the kamp. At last I took Will Eppes over to the waggon, with the cook, and with a little speech presented the stuff to Kamp Hus-sel. When the kookies wuz brawt out the boys hoorayed and danced around like az if they'd gone crazy. Then they all took holt and helped carry the stuff over to the cook's tent. They wuz so hungry they could skarse wait fer dinner.

My, Laban, how the boys did eat at noon.

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They piled in the grub like az if they wuz made of rubber, and wuz holler frum hed to foot.

After dinner I got the boys together and we hiked off into the woods fer a tramp. I pinte out the diffrent kinds of trees and the birds and the mosses and inseck life and the wild flowers. What I didn't know, Marthy did, and afore nite the boys had lernt a hole lot what wood allers afterwards make them interested in natur.

The most poplar thing about the kamp, and the most pleezin experience we had that day, wuz the kamp fire after supper. The sun had skarse gone down afore the air begun to git rite smart kool, and the boys startid up a litte kamp fire. The woods wuz dark and gloomy, and filled with shadders. The boys kinder felt like bunchin up together, so they all kum up round the fire and sot around on the stones like they did every nite, to enjoy what they called their "Kamp Fire." There wuzzent no set program. The boys just hooked both hands over one knee, leened back, and wached the fire. Will Eppes startid the "kamp fire" by tellin a story; then that reminded one of the boys of a story he'd read; then another feller told a story his paw told him, and so it went. At first there wuz lots

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of fun and jokin, but the further we got into the nite the quieter the boys got. Will Eppes told the boys how God had often helped him in skool when he wuz a boy. He did n't preech a sermon, but just told the story and let it soke in. Along about nine o'clock Will sed, "Boys, it's time now to have wurship and turn in." Then he brawt out hiz Bible, red a few verses, and prayed. He prayed fer Frank and Donald, and menshuned each boy afore God by name.

Laban, I never felt quite like I did that nite. Wile Will wuz a-prayin there wuzzent anuther sound excep the krickets and the katydids and katy-didn'ts and the little noyzes what one hears in the woods at nite. After they all jined in the Lord's Prayer and sed good nite, the boys turned into their bunks and wuz soon sound asleep, wile yure bruther Timothy and Marthy druv old Nell back to Brush Fork.

Laban, that's somethin wurth wile fer enny Adult Bible Klass. Kamp Hussel has hooked up the boys to the skool. It's made them respekt the men. It's gave them new ideels. It's got menny a message down under the boys' jackets what could be put there at a Kamp Fire better than frum a pulpit or by a teecher in the Sunday-skool.

The girls is to have the kamp next week,

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and we're goin out onct more, with anuther load of grub, fer we've never enjoyed nuthin quite so much sinct the oil well kame in. Bless the Lord fer the oil well! It's still a-runnin. Luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

P. S. I kame nigh fergittin to say that two weeks ago seventeen of the Husslers formed a teecher-trainin klass, and haz took up the korse put out by the Methodist Episkerple Board of Sunday-skools. It meets at the church on Friday nites, with Perfesser Ray az teecher. Most of the teechers now in the skool haz jined the klass.

It won't be long, Laban, afore the Kort House skool will have a bunch of teechers what's bin speshully perpared fer their job, fer evry one of them will have a teecher-trainin diplomy erved by hard wurk. The Hussler's Klass haz gone into the bizness of makin *teechers. Glory!*

CHAPTER XV

Husslin in a Boston Misshun

My Deer Brother Laban:

If you could have bin heer last Sunday you 'd had the time of your life, fer we had the playzure of entertainin in our home Lige Connell, one of the Husslers who's bin off to the Boston Skool of Doxology, where they make preechers fer the Methodist and sumtimes fer the Kongregashunal churches.

You do n't kno *Lige*, fer he wuz born after you and Kate lit out fer Nebrasky; but you kno his paw, Zeekiel Connell. Fer you 'll remember that Zeek Connell wuz klass leeder at Brush Fork in the sixties and seventies, when you lived to hum on the bank of Brush Fork near the kuvered bridge. Zeek wuz allers right smart relijus and prayed fer yeers that his boy Lige mite bekum a preecher. Lige did n't take to preechin all to onct. In faktt he took to carpenterin and store-keepin and book-sellin, and fooled away his time on a lot of things afore he settled down on preechin.

Short after he wuz twenty-one he shook the farm and put out fer the Kounty Seet, where

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he's bin livin ever sinct. He's bin a member of the church sinct he wuz a boy, and haz lived rite smart of a Christian life (as Christian livin goes with sum peeples). He'd git out to preechin onct on Sunday, pay hiz quarterage (if the steward got after it), sit around on the edges of the revivul meetins and help deckerate the church fer Childern's Day. He wuz allers reddy to help the church, but he took in most of the sirkuses and shows what kum to town, and cracked the Dissiplin whenever he took a noshun. Sumhow peeple allers felt that he wuz rezistin the Spirit, and that he reely orter *preech*, fer he kinder had it in him.

Well, Lige never kame to himself till the Adult Klass Moovment struck the town. He wuz one of the boys what Lon Hussle got to jine the Husslers. He haddent bin in the Klass a munth afore he wuz a changed man, and all of the perkivities for wich his father had bin a-prayin fer yeers begun kroppin out in hiz boy. He took to the prayer meetins as nateral as our bull pup takes to a tramp. Hiz piety kame to the surfis as nateral as prickly heat on a hot day. Why, Laban, it wuzzent four weeks afore he got up in the Hussler's Klass and told how God had bin follerin him fer yeers a-kallin him to preech, and how he had rezistid the Spirit by indulgin in sirkuses and shows

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and sich. And he sed he intendid to take what little savins he had, and go down to the Boston Skool of Doxology and git the larnin and the frills and the ferbelows and the gestures of a sand-papered, smooth, high-polished preecher, and kum back to Ohio with a New England Kulture, what's allers spelled with a kapitle "K." Glory!

My! how proud the Klass wuz to have a preecher kum out of the Husslers. When Lige left fer Boston last fall the boys give him a Bible and startid him out in grate shape.

Well, Laban, Lige haz bin home on his summer vakashun, and on our invite he spent last Sunday in our home. We did n't git much out of him till after dinner. But after we got sot out on the porch in the shade of the big mapel tree, with the wind blowin gentle and fresh-like from the west, Marthy begun to pump him to find out what he duz of evenins down to Boston.

"Well, Lige," sed Marthy, "we ain't far enuff along in our edikashun to kno just what yer studdyin at the Boston Skool of Doxology, but I've often wundered how you put in yure evenins, and wether you have enny chance to *pracktis on sole-savin*; for after all, what you git out of books ain't of much use unless you have sum chance to put it into *pracktis*."

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"The sole-savin pracktis we have in this skool is one of the best things we have there," sed Lige. "I've spent almost every nite in Boston down to the Misshun, wurkin fer soles.

"You do n't kno the kind of fokes we find there," he sed, goin rite on. "There you see the awful effectks of sin and poverty and drink. Evry time the Misshun door opens there floats into the room a big kongregashun of retched men and wimmen. Bad peeple, low down peeple, peeple kursed with drink."

"You do n't never have enny drunk *wimmen*, do you?" asked Marthy.

"Yes, yes," sed Lige. "Mor'n onct I've helped to carry out four dead-drunk wimmen in one nite."

"*Fer the land's sake!*" gasped Marthy. "I never saw a drunk woman in my life; I beleeve I'd faint away if I saw one."

"Well," sed Lige, "you'd have a chance to faint away evry nite down to the Misshun."

O, Laban, az Marthy and yure bruther Timothy sot lissinin to Lige tell about his ecksperiences at the Misshun, we both felt like leevin the farm and helpin Lige down to Boston. I won't have time to tell you *all* Lige sed, but I must rite about *one* ecksperience what showed the stuff Lige is made of.

"I leed the singin at the Misshun," sed Lige, "so I'm there evry nite."

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"What kinder meetins do you have?" asked Marthy.

"Regular revivul meetins," sed Lige, "with preechin and singin and a morners' bench. Then we take a kolleckshun of korse. We never git nuthin but a few pennies and buttons, but if we did n't take a kolleckshun, the peeples woodent think it wuz church."

"Speekin of kolleckshuns," sed Lige, "I'm put in mind of an ecksperience I had last winter. I wuz passin the kolleckshun plate, and when I stuck it infrunt of a drunken man he pulled out of hiz pockit a roll of greenbacks as big as a tea kup and put it on the plate. I knew that he diddent kno what he wuz doin, and I knew, too, that it wood never do to leeve the wad of bills on the plate fer sum feller to snatch and run off with. So I stuck the roll in my pockit to give back to the man after the meetin.

"Afore the meetin klosed I had fixed up in my mind what I wood do. I knew that if I gave the money back to the man it wood all go into some saloon afore he ever got home. So I planned to take the feller home and give the money to his *wife*. I had seen him at the Misshun lots of times afore. The feller had seen better days, but wuz down at the bottom of the ditch now.

"When the meetin wuz over I stepped up

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to the man, who stood balancin himself by holdin on to a chair, and sed, 'What's yure name, my frend.'

"'Wilkins,' he sed.

"'Where's yure home?' sed I.

"'Ain't got none,' sed Wilkins.

"'Yes, you have, too,' sed I. 'I heerd you tell a man last nite that you had a wife and baby.'

"'Well, that's the trooth,' he sed, 'I've got a place to live in, but it ain't no home. What do you want to kno about my home fer?'

"'I want to go home with you to-nite; I'm yure frend,' sed I.

"'I don't want you there,' sed Wilkins. 'It's a dirty place, not fit fer decent fokes.'

"'Well, I'm goin anyway,' I sed; and with that I took hiz arm and startid fer a kar. It wuz a long ride, and in time we finally landid on the third floor of a house, where I nocked on the door.

"'Who's there?' sed a woman's voice.

"'It's yure husband and a frend of hiz,' sed I.

"When the door opined I helped the limp drunken husband inside. He stood agin the wall, but soon hiz legs give out and Wilkins slid to the floor like a rag, leened his hed agin the wall and wuz soon in a ded drunk sleep.

"O, bruther Stand-by," sed Lige, "you kant

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picktur that room. There wuz no furniture in it but a broken-backed chair, a three-legged table, a cheep cubboard, a peece of rag karpet, and a sope box. Two pallets of straw wuz tucked away in the korners and evrywhere wuz filth and dirt.

“When I wuz sure the man wuz sound asleep I told hiz wife who I wuz and about the money and handed it out to her. Unkle Timothy, I never saw a woman look so frightened. She sed, *‘I kan’t take it, I do’nt want it. You keep it. I’ll tell my man about it to-morrer mornin, and he’ll kum after it.’* I left my name and bordin house address on a kard, sed a few wurds of kumfort in Jesus’ name, and left.

“The next nite Wilkins wuz at the Misshun agin, drunk as usual. I went home with him agin that nite and detarmined not to leeve him till he had sobered enuff to heer the story of Jesus. Bruther Stand-by, that nite wile the wife and baby slept on one pallet of straw, and Wilkins wuz sleepin on the other, I sot on the broken-backed chair all nite, with dirt and bugs all round me, prayin fer Wilkins’ salvashun.

“At six o’clock the next mornin Wilkins woke up sober. He looked over to me, kinder serprized-like, and sed, ‘Hello, what are you doin here?’

“‘I’m yure frend at the Misshun, who kame

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home with you last nite, and I've bin waitin here all nite to talk with you. Did you ever heer of the Kingdom of Heaven?

"'Yes, lots of times,' sed Wilkins, 'and I'm kountin on gittin there sum day.'

"'You'll never git there az you are,' sed I. 'Yure a drunkard, and God's Word sez that "No drunkard kin enter the Kingdom of Heven." See what drink has dun fer you. Look at yure poor wife and baby and this dirty room. Yure wife and baby are starvin. Mr. Wilkins,' sed I, 'I want you and yure famly to go out with me to an eatin-house fer a good brekfast.'

"Well, Uncle Timothy, they all went. I never saw a more thankful woman nor a more humiliated man than wuz Wilkins after he had et hiz meel. He wuz bound to do sumthin in return fer my kindness.

"'Say, Mr. Connell,' sed Wilkins, 'I never had ennybody treat me like this. I've got some money in the bank, and I want to give you sum.'

"'You have no money in the bank,' sed I.

"'Yes, I have,' sed Wilkins; 'I put a big roll of bills, \$450 I got for a kontrakt, in the bank nite afore last.'

"'No, you did n't,' sed I. 'Nite afore last you were drunk down to the Misshun, and you



LIGE CONNELL.

"I sat on a backless chair all nite, mid dirt and vermin, prayin fer Wilkins' salvashun."

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put that roll of bills on the kolleckshun plate, and I saved it fer you, and heer it is.'

" 'I do n't want it,' he cried. 'It'll all go if I take it. You keep it and give it to me az I kall fer it. I owe a saloon bill and a grocery bill. Will you take the money and go with me and pay them ackounts?' he asked. 'I'm afeered to start out alone.'

" 'Yes, indeed,' sed I, 'I'll be glad to do that; and wile yure about it,' sed I, 'you kin buy for yureself a new soot of close, a hat, and shoes, and git to feel respecktable onct more. Wood-ent you be willin to buy sum close fer yure wife and baby and put sum furniture in yure home?'

"Well, bruther Stand-by, *that's what Wilkins did*. I stayed with him all day. By noon Wilkins and his wife looked kleen and slick, and well dressed, and afore two o'clock the karpet and furniture kame, and I helped kleen the room and put up the furniture and piloted them with an old naybor ant down to the Misshun at 7 o'clock in the evenin.

"And that nite at the alter Wilkins and his wife and the ant nelt, and they wuz soundly konverted afore the meetin wuz over.

"Sister Stand-by, *that's the way I'm spending my evenins in Boston*. Praise the Lord! Wilkins is now a kleen, respecktable bizness

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man, without a taste for liker—by the power of God.”

Laban, when Lige finished the story we wuz both cryin fer joy.

O, it's a grate thing fer the Husslers to know that they have a Hussler a-husslin fer soles in a Boston Misshun. If the Husslers' Adult Klass never did ennythin else than git Lige Connell hitched onto his life job of sole-savin, it did a mitey good thing.

Good-nite, Laban. The oil well's still a-runnin. Luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER XVI

Linkin Up to the Ends of the Earth

My Deer Bruther Laban:

Last nite was one of them frosty November nites when Marthy and yure brother Timothy gits rite smart of kumfort out our old-fashun fireplace. Winter ain't sot in fer good yet, fer we'll have a lot of fine days afore the old yeer dies; but the ice in the rain-barl wuz nigh on to half an inch thick just afore sundown, and the wind wuz blowin like sixty out of the north.

I kinder felt in my bones all day that the thermoniter wood tumble afore evenin, so I got the chores dun up erly, and fixed fer a good vizzit with Marthy after I helped her git the supper dishes out of the way. Bless her sole!

I wunder wether you and Kate enjoy vizzitin az much az you used to afore you wuz married? Sum married fokes don't; but Marthy and her husband haz kept rite on vizzitin whenever they git a chance, just the same az if the weddin haddent never happined.

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Well, az I wuz a-goin to say, after the kichin chores wuz dun up we sot down afore the wood-fire in the settin room fer to eat hickry nuts and vizzit. The kittle wuz hangin frum the krane over the fire, a-singin for all it wuz wurth, and the wood wuz a-kracklin and a-snappin mor'n kommin. Marthy haddent much mor'n got startid on the nuts afore she sed: "Timothy, I've bin thinkin rite smart lately about the *staybility* of this here Adult Bible Klass Moovment. I'm not sure wether the wurd 'staybility' is the one I orter use or not to express my meenin. At enny rate, wether '*stay-bil-i-ty*' is the wurd, or wether it ain't, I've bin wunderin how much *bottom* there is to these newfangled orginized Adult Bible Klassen. Are they goin to *stick*? That's the question. Is the intrest in the thing goin to *last*?"

"Why, of *korse!*" sed I. "You must have run on to yure bloo glasses when you wuz kleenin up. *Of korse they're goin to stick!* The Adult Klass Moovment haz kum to stay; and the moovment will be a-moovin long after we're sleepin in the 'Mizpy Cemetary' behind the church."

"I hope it will," sed Marthy, "but it'll have to do a lot more than its doin now to make me sartin of it. The moovment is makin a lot of *noise* in these days. It's blowin horns and

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carryin banners, and marchin in perrades, and attractin lots of attenshun, and lots of good is bein dun; but, Timothy, the thing's passin threw its *specktackeler* period. There are a good menny *big* klasses, and they're kountin their new members every week, and they're makin more of a stir than all the rest of the Kingdom put together. I'm enjoyin of it az much az ennybuddy; but *is it goin to last? That's the question!* It can't be blowin horns *ferever*; it can't be allers havin a perrade, it can't be *allers* hoorayin. It's got to git down to *doin* sumthin; and doin sumthin *wurth wile*."

"Well, Marthy," sed I, "yure certin feelin bad to-nite. Haddent I better git you a quietin-tablet frum the medicin shelf?"

"*No!*" sed Marthy, impashent-like; "just be sensible and talk this thing over fer a few min-nits. I'm not *nockin* the Adult Klass Moovement. I'm tryin to *help* it by pintin out sum dangers. If you'll talk this thing threw far enuff, I think you'll diskiver sum things what will *help*. Let me see," sed Marthy, "where wuz I at, and what wuz I sayin?"

"The last thing you sed," sed I, "wuz 'the Adult Klass haz got to git down to *doin* sumthin.'"

"O, yes," sed Marthy, "*doin* sumthin, *doin* sumthin. Yes, the klasses wants to be doin sumthin besides bildin up numbers and pattin

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themselves on the back; they want to git evry last member to wurk on a big job. *Sum of them are,*" sed Marthy, goin rite on, "and they're the klasses what are prosperin. They're showin the other klasses what kin be dun. But, Laban, lots of the klasses are just sittin round like a knot on a log, doin nuthin, and you know it."

"How about the klass out at Simsonville? Ain't that doin a lot?" sed I.

"Well, yes," sed Marthy, "*of the kind that it is*. But almost everything it haz dun haz bin fer *itself*. Of korse a klass haz to do *sumthin* fer itself in order fer to git startid. The Simsonville klass bilt an annex to the church fer a meetin-place; that wuz just what it *orter* do. It fixed up its room so's to make it home-like; that wuz all rite. It wurked like sixty to git new members, and it bilt up a big klass of mor'n a hundred; that wuz glorius. But, Timothy, *that ain't enuff*. When all of that is dun they ain't much mor'n put up the machine, and got it reddy to wurk. The thing I'm lookin fer, Timothy, is the *grist*. That's the stuff, Timothy; the *grist*—the *grist*."

"But, Marthy," sed I, "the Simsonville klass has dun more than you've give it credit fer. It has held soshuls, and bawt a carpet fer the pulpit, and paid fer haf of the new church bell, and got a lot of new singin books fer the

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Sunday-skool, and laid a cement walk to the side door of the church. Ain't that doin fine?"

"Yes," sed Marthy, "that's somethin good, but its all fer *itself*. Its fer *our* klass, and *our* church, and *our* Sunday-skool, and *our* church *bildin*. It's all bin fer OUR and fer US. It's good; but it ain't good *enuff*. It's big; but it ain't big *enuff*. It's fer *self*. It's narrer; and if that's az far az the klass ever gits, it'll not git very far. Now, Timothy, I ain't talkin agin what they've bin doin, but I want yer to see that them things ain't the end fer what that klass (and a hole lot of other classes like it) must be wurkin, if it expeckts to live and grow and git the stayin quality what our preecher calls 'stay-bil-i-ty.'"

"Now look here, Marthy," sed I, "yure not givin the Simsonville klass full credit. You have fergot that its got behind the prayer meetin, and that Preecher Struggle now haz more men than wimmen in hiz Wensday nite meetin. You've fergot that twenty-five men out of the klass haz jined the church durin the past yeer. You've fergot the Sunday afternoon gospil meetin up in the Square what's carried on by the klass."

"And are they doin all *that*?" asked Marthy.

"*That's what they are*," sed I, proud-like.

"I'm sure that ain't very narrer wurk."

"Well," sed Marthy, "if that's the kase the

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klass is moovin in the rite direckshun. That 's the kind of wurk they should *all* be doin. The klass, if it's goin to amount to ennythin, must tie up to the bizness of sole-savin. The klass must *win the men TO Christ*, then *bild them up IN Christ*, then *send them out FOR Christ*.

"But, Timothy, what's the klass doin *outside of its town* fer misshuns?"

"I never heered of its doin nuthin," sed I.

"That's just what I thawt," sed Marthy, "and that's what I want yer to go down and see about. Why, Timothy, the klass orter to have a Misshunary Kommittee bizzy all the time. It orter get the klass to support a teecher or a native preecher, or a Bible reeder in India, or Chiny, or Afriky, or South Ameriky. It orter have the klass tied up to sum misshun field and git in clost konneckshun with the ends of the erth. Then they'll have took hold of a *big job*."

"The Adult Bible Klass trayzury haz got to be sumthin more than a grab-bag into wich the preecher or the church or the Sunday-skool kin dive whenever they git hard up fer money. The Adult Klass must be sumthin more than a conveyent horse on wich the church kin unlode sum of the old jobs that haz allers bin hard to git dun. The Adult Klass is a mitey free horse, but if the church don't watch out it'll ride the free horse to deth. There ain't

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enny danger of the klass doin too much, provided it is follerin a plan what is a *klass plan*. Perhaps the preecher may give the klass the plan, but the klass must *adopt* it and feel a pride in carryin of it out."

"Marthy, you've got mitey wise on the Adult Klass," sed I. "I gess you must have been reedin somethin. When your pump onct gits to wurkin it turns out a lot, but, like the pump down to the barn, you've got to pore sum water into it afore enny kums out."

"Well, Timothy," sed Marthy, "I gess you know yure wife powerful well. Yes, I've bin reedin 'Fifty-Eight Varieties—One Better,' and it's tawt me that the only job big enuff fer adult classes is the *winnin of the hole world to Jesus*. The danger of the adult klass is that it'll die of laziness. You know, yureself, Timothy, that there are lots of orginized classes what ain't doin nuthin. They're just *orginized*—that's all. They are just like the Pickinses. They bawt a sowin machine onct fer to do the sowin of the famly. Then they all sot around the machine to see it wurk; but it did n't wurk unless sumbuddy wurked it. When they wurked the machine they could do more sowin than they could without it, but if they did n't wurk it there wuz less sowin dun than afore the machine kame into the house."

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"How about the Husslers?" sed I; "are they measurin up to yure idees of wurkin fer others?"

"O, yes," sed Marthy. "They're doin a lot of things fer the church and fer the town, as well az fer themselves. They're allers studyin to see how they kin improov themselves so's *they'll be able to do more fer other fokes*. They ain't improovin the klass just fer the sake of improovin it. They've got a Misshunary Kommittee what haz put up in the klass room a misshunary bulletin board. They report in three minnits each Sunday the freshest news frum the misshun fields. They pray fer the misshunaries in the klass sesshun, and each member prays fer sum diffrent misshunary or misshun stashun evry day at home. The klass takes part in the munthly misshunary program. It's supportin a native preecher in Chiney; and a Bible reeder in India, and an orfan in one of the Home misshun skools out West, and it pays fer a deekoness fer to help the Kort House preecher."

"It's doin mor'n *that*," sed I, "it has two Misshun Study Klasses. One of them is studyin South Ameriky and the other The Uplift of Chiny. They're findin out a lot about misshuns, and the more they find out the more they give. *Glory!*"

"That's it," sed Marthy, "they're *doin* sum-

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thin. They're tied up to a big job and they're wurkin at it. They've kawt the meenin of the big motto at the State Konvenshun, *Self-Improovment for Sanckterfied Servis*. Glory!"

Laban, just when I spoke them words, Preecher Korker kame in. Marthy had to go all over the thing with him. It took nigh on to an hour. Just afore bedtime he led our famly wurship. When the prayer wuz over and he stood at the door reddy to go, he sed, "*Thank God for Altrooistick servis!*"

"What kind of servis is that?" sed I.

"Just the kind we've bin talkin about," sed the preecher—"servis for others, the kind Jesus did; the kind he spoke about in John 17, when he said, 'For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth.'"

Laban, frum now on I'm goin to do everythin I kin to tie up adult klasses to the Kingdom job—to altrooistick servis.

Luv to Kate. The oil well's still a-runnin. Glory!

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER XVII

The Revivul Teems at Wurk

Deer Bruther Laban:

That last letter of yourn kame powerful neer turnin the Stand-by famly into a kamp meetin. There's nuthin that so stirs Marthy and me up az to heer tell of an old-fashun red-hot revivul meetin. We ain't fergot you at our famly alter, and we've bin prayin the Lord to give yure preecher vicktry in hiz preechin, and soles fer hiz hire. So when you rote that the big meetin in yure church out in Nebrasky is goin full blaze, way down in our soles we shouted "Glory!" Bless the Lord fer the old-time relijun!

Well, Laban, Nebrasky ain't the only place where revivuls of relijun haz broke loose, fer big meetins is a-goin on all over Sheepskin Kounty. I've bin attendin rite smart of them fer nigh on to a munth.

The thing what's sot the churches on fire is the help the country churches is gittin frum the Husslers. Mor'n two munths ago the Devoshunal Kommittee of the Husslers' Adult

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Bible Klass purposed that the Husslers orginize two revivul teems fer the purpus of goin out of nites fer a week at a time to help the preechers in the Kounty in their big meetins this winter.

Perfesser Ray, the chairman of the Devoshunal Kommittee, got the noshun that the Husslers orter plan to git under the lode the preechers wood carry when the big meetins kame on. Evry Methodist preecher in the Kounty wood be fightin the devil single-handed when he got into hiz meetin. That's the way the preechers allers had bin doin, and that's the way they'd be doin agin if they did n't have no help. The Perfesser showed how there could be got up two teems of six or seven Husslers each, what could go out to the country pints of evenins, and spend seven nites at each pint, *boostin the meetin*.

Perfesser had it all wurked out and had picked the teems. He'd picked out Husslers what had reel relijun, and a genuine relijus ecksperience *what they could talk about*. Then, too, he'd picked out fellers what could *sing*. Glory!

My! Laban, when he got them two gospil teems all lined up and told the klass what the Husslers could do in spredin skripteral relijun and holyness threw the land, the boys got rite smart intrested.

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The Perfesser did n't do all this in a day, nor a week. He'd bin prayin about it all summer, and he'd vizzited the fellers he'd picked out fer the teems, and he'd got their konsent to jine in the skeem. Mor'n that, he'd got the teems to turn themselves into prayin bands to pray fer the *power*, and they'd bin prayin and singin together fer sum time, so's *to git prepared*.

Mor'n that, he'd rote to the preechers and asked if they'd like to have such a band of Husslers kum out fer to boost the meetins, and he'd got more kalls frum the preechers than he could fill. Oh, Laban, this plan of revivul meetins wuz *of the Lord*.

Well, Laban, I promised to spend a week, turn in and turn out, with each team, and that's where I've bin spendin my evenins fer the last three weeks. I've got enuff to tell you to fill a book.

I spent the first week of evenins with Will Eppes's team out at Bethel on Preecher Stone's sirket. The team kame out frum the Kort House on the trolly and I met them here with the big spring waggon and druv them out to Bethel, four miles up Brush Fork Kreek.

The meetin house wuz packed and they wuz singin "The Good Ship Zion" when we druv up. We'd bin advertized fer miles around, and the fokes had kum frum az far out as Mercer-

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ville. I pilited the teem up the ile to the frunt seet, and we skarse got there afore Preecher Stone sed: "Bruthers and Sisters, the Husslers' teem haz kame. Bruther Stand-by will lead us in prayer, after which the Husslers will take the meetin."

Well, Laban, I prayed. It wuz eezy to pray in that meetin, fer the peeples wuz in the spirit of prayer and wuz expecttin a revivul.

Will Eppes led the meetin. He went rite at it without enny perliminery remarks. He sed:

"Well, fokes, we seven fellers frum the Kort House ain't *angels*. We ain't even *preechers*. We're just kommon evryday bizness men what loves the Lord Jesus so much that we want to see evrybuddy saved. We don't know much about theology, and we don't *kare* much about it. The one thing we *do* know is that there wuz a time when we wuz all *in sin*, and that now we're *saved*. The sins we onct luv'd we now hate, and the people we onct hated we now luv.

"We hain't kum out here to preech, nur to make enny fine speeches. All we want is a chance to tell our ecksperience. We ain't goin to talk theory, but *fackt*; and we'll begin by kallin on Hall Tucker, the mail karrier. Evrybuddy here knows Hal, and they know he's a Christian."

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"*Amen!*" shouted Sister Ruth Davis.

That "Amen" of Sister Davis's kame nigh nockin Hal cleen out. For he's the last man on erth to brag on hiz goodness. But Hal soon got hiz bearins and sed:

"Bruthers and Sisters, I ain't got ennythin good to say about Hal Tucker. The Lord knows that I'm awful week, and that I have to keep fightin the devil every minnit. I ain't kum out heer to Bethel to talk about myself, but I *do* want to tell you about Jesus, and what a wonderful Saviour he's bin to me. There wuz a time when I used to skoff at Christianity, and I made fun of Christians. I knowed all the time that I wuz a wicked man, and I knowed too that there wuz somethin in Christianity, *fer my mother wuz a Christian*. Whenever I talked agin relijun I wuz bluffin, so's to drownd my feelins. One day about nine year ago, az I wuz goin down the street, I met Ed Young. He wuz standin in frunt of hiz office a-watchin fer me. When I kame up he shook hands mitey cordial-like, and sed, 'Hal, kum back into my offis. I want to see you about a little matter.' When we got back in the offis, Ed sot himself square in frunt of me and sed: 'Hal, I've felt fer a long time that I wantid to tell you how much I think of yure deer old muther. Do you know, Hal, that I owe my place in the church and much that

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I am to yure muther? I *do!* When I wuz a boy she spoke a few wurds to me that led me to Christ; and I want to help you, like she helped me.'

"Well, friends, Ed had took me off my gard. It wuz all so suddin. I wuzzent eckspecktin ennythin like this. I kin remember now that my eyes wuz so full of tears that I cuddent see, and when I tried to argue my lip wuz quiverin like a tunin fork. Afore I could speak a word Ed sed: 'Hal, I don't want you to argue, nur to heer agin what I've herd you say a hundred times afore. I just want you to lissin and think. Hal, I've bin prayin fer you, and I've brawt you in here to ask you if you won't begin to pray fer yureself.'

"That's a mitey hard thing fer me to do,' sed I. 'It's bin mennny a yeer sinct I prayed.'

"'I spose it haz,' sed Ed, 'but I want you to promise me that you'll neel at yure bedside like yure mother tawt you to do when you wuz little, and pray every day fer a week. Will you do it?'

"Well, friends, it took me sum time to promise Ed that I'd pray. But I did; and I begun that very nite. When I begun to pray I found I cuddent argue with the Lord. He knowed better than I did that I wuz 'a sinner, so I konfessed the hole thing. *I just had to.* I cuddent rest nor git enny peece till I did;

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and I asked the Lord to fergiv me, fer Jesus' sake, and to tell me down in my hart that I wuz saved. And that's what He did. Glory!

"O, friends, what a wonderful Saviour is Jesus! How he haz helped me live rite ever sinct I found him! Sum of you will remember that I used to sware and drink and do about evrythin what's bad, but I've quit all that by God's help. When I ride over these hills and threw these valleys now, carryin the mail and tuckin letters and papers in yure mail boxes, Jesus goes with me, and helps me do it rite. There's mienny a man in this house that I've prayed fer when I left his mail. Bless the Lord fer a relijun what keeps, and fer a lovin Saviour what's allers redly to fergive a man when he makes a mistake. If God kin save and keep me, he kin save ennybuddy."

Hal hadden't mor'n quit afore the teem broke out singin, "Jesus Will Help, If You Try," and the big meetin jined in fer all it wuz wurth. I wuz sittin up in the amen corner where I could watch the congregashun, and I saw mor'n one man with his hankercheef out, wipin hiz eyes when Hal quit. Glory!

Bill Skirvin spoke next. His fokes used to live out near Bethel, and Bill wuz born there. He'd moved to town when he wuz a boy, and he'd allers bin knowed as a Christian store-



HAL TUCKER.

"There's menny a man I've prayed fer when I've dropt
hiz mail in hiz mail box."

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keeper. He gave 16 ounces fer a pound, and 36 inches fer a yard, and evrybuddy knowed him as "Honest Bill." Bill didn't have enny story of a bad life, and he didn't take enny credit fer being honest. He sed he prayed evry day and red his Bible reglar and went to church twict on Sunday and took his relijun into his bizness. He beleeved in doin rite *bekaws it wuz rite*, and not bekaws it wuz policy. If he'd ever had enny suckcess in bizness, it wuz bekaws he'd allers tried to honor God in all he did. God had bin tru to his promise, "Seek first the Kingdum of God and his righteousness, and all things else shall be added to you."

Bill's speech made a powerful impresshun, fer he lived what he perfessed. After all, Laban, a feller can't preech nur teech far beyond his own life. As sum one sez, "What he *is* speeks lots louder than what he sez."

Well, Laban, by the time the hole teem had spoke the peeple wuz full, and when Preecher Stone offered the alter there wuz seven morners—one apeece fer each feller in the teem—and they wuz all sound konvertid afore the meetin klosed.

Laban, that wuz just the beginnin. Afore the week wuz over 47 had kum to the Lord. Glory!

I ain't got time to tell about the other teem

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nor the vicktery of the three weeks kampane, but there haz bin a hundred and sixty-three konverts up to this ritin.

The Husslers' Adult Bible Klass at the Kort House haz kame to its vishun of sole-savin. The lukewarm fellers in the klass has bin revived and relijun has bekum ketchin. Laban, I kin see now, better than ever, that the Christian relijun kin never be got by arguin. Relijun is what our doctor calls a "kon-ta-jun." It's kawt; and *it spreads like sixty when fokes is expozed to the reel thing.*

Good night, Laban. Luv to Kate. The oil well's still a-runnin.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER XVIII

The New Fangled Watch Meetin

Dear Bruther Laban:

If you and Kate had as good a New Yeer's Day in Nebrasky as we've had on the Stand-by farm in Brush Fork, you've had a good one. Holidays and Sundays haz bin kinder lonesum sinct all the childern got married and sot up housekeepin. There's only two of us in the old home now; but *we're keepin of it up just the same*. Why not? There wuz only two of us in the famly at the beginnin forty yeer back. We lived all alone fer two yeer after we wuz married, and we wuz happy az a lark on a June mornin. We did n't think of nuthin else then but *bildin-up the home*. We wuz sot on havin sumthin more than a *house*. We wanted a *home*. Housekeepin wuz just as important to us two in them days az it wuz when the famly had growed to six. And now that it's reduced down to two agin we do n't see no reezin why we shuddent keep house fer one anuther *now*, just az much as we did when we wuz yung. Glory!

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Laban, some fokes don't do that. When there's nobuddy to hum cept the husband and wife they don't keep house overmuch. They just skimp along any old way.

That's the way the Smiths do. They never have things lookin slick around the house only when kumpany kums. When they're all by themselves they eat off their old kracked chiny, and don't use no butter plates nur napkins. They just stick the vittles on the table enny old way. They don't make nuthin of holidays unless they have kumpany. They don't reely *live*; they just *eggsist*. No wunder they've growed old and krochity.

But, Laban, that ain't the way it is at our house. Marthy takes az much pride in keepin house fer her Timothy az she did when we wuz first married. That's a sure sine that our hunnymoon hazzent sot. She's just as partickeler to have the dinner table look slick and invitin when we're all alone az she is when the house is full of kumpany. She allers sets the table fer four, so's to be reddy to take in sum nay-bors fer a meel if they happen by along about meel time.

Then we allers keep the holidays. We quit work, and fix fer sum extry playzure, and throw ourselves into the hart and spirit of the day. That's the reezin I've enjoyed this New Year's Day. We wuz all alone! but we had a rostd

The New Fangled Watch Meetin

chicken with kranberry sawce, and sellery, and sage dressin, and punkin pie and rayzins and nuts. And we talked about the old times, and fixed out rite smart of a program of what we wuz going to try to do this year. Glory!

Well, Laban, I'll begin the new yeer rite by ritin you about the Husslers' new-fangled watch-meetin at the Kort House. We've both had a little after-dinner nap, and I'm feelin fine.

The first thing I knowed about this watch-meetin wuz an invite what kame by mail mor'n a week back. I'll stick it in the letter so's you'll see what it wuz like.

Laban, the way Marthy took on when she red that invite wuz a kawshun. I watched her a-reedin of it. She skarse got haf threw it afore her face cullered up. I saw what wuz kummin. I knowed there'd be an exploshun when she got down to the "fried cakes and koffee;" and sure enuff there wuz.

"Well!" sed Marthy, explosive-like, "that high jinks way of invitin fokes to a relijus meetin—the meetin what next to dyin is the sollumest thing on erth—is a long ways frum perpendickeler. It ain't ackordin to the Disiplin, and—"

"Hold on," sed I, "there ain't nuthin in the Dissiplin about how fokes must be invited to a watch-meetin."

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THE INVITE

WELCOME THE COMING; SPEED
THE PARTING YEAR

1910-1911

You are cordially invited to attend a

WATCH-NIGHT MEETING

in the

Jericho Court House M. E. Church
December 31, 1910

From 9:30 to 12 o'clock P. M.

Service divided into forty-five minute periods.

First two periods in charge of the Husslers. Last period in charge of the pastor.

A free luncheon of coffee and fried cakes will be served at midnight.

"And this I say unto you, Watch!"

THE HUSSLERS

The New Fangled Watch Meetin

"There *ain't*?" sed Marthy. "Well, wether there *is* or there *ain't*, its a wurldly way of doin the Lord's bizness. Think of sendin out invi-tashuns to a konsecrashun meetin like as if it wuz a serprize party or a charity ball! *It's goin too far!* The Bible sez, 'Stick fast to the old paths.'"

"Yes!" sed I, "but that don't mean that yure to be glued down ferever to old-fangled ways of doin things. Marthy, az sure az yure born yure lookin backward. Bein az yure in the noshun of quotin Skriptur, I mite quote the verse what sez, 'Fergit the things what are behind.' Look out, Marthy! Beware of lookin back. If the Lord wanted you to do that he'd put eyes in the back of yure hed. Don't fergit the awful thing what happined to Mrs. Lot in Bible times fer lookin back. The Bible gives you fair warnin when it sez, 'Remember Lot's wife.'"

Marthy kinder kammed down after I quoted them kumfortin words of Skriptur. At first she wuz sot on *not* goin, but the more she thawt it over, the more crazy she got to see the new kind of watch-meetin, and afore bed time it wuz all fixed up fer both of us to go. We wuz to run down to Mandy's at the Kounty Seet afore dark, stay to supper, and kum back on the speshul kar at 12.30 at midnite. Glory!

O, Laban, what a glori-
ous watch-meetin it

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wuz! We got to the church by quarter past nine. The Husslers' recepshun kommittee wuz at the door with Preecher P. R. O'Gressive, and they wuz givin a welkum to everybuddy what kame. Afore we went upstares into the church room John Allen pinned onto each one of us a little wite kard-board bage, and on it wuz the wurdz

JANUARY 1, 1911

May the New Year be your best in
Christian Service

The meetin begun prompt at 9.30. Stant Needles, the president, persided. After the openin hym and prayer he sed that the first forty-five minnits would be give up to four ten-minnit talks on "The Opportoonties of the New Year," and that the first talk wood be by Perfesser Ray on "The Opportoonty of a New Beginnin."

Perfesser Ray sed that he wuz thirty-ate yeers old, and that az far back az he could remember he had made a new beginnin in life on each New Yeer's Day. He wuz rite smart sorry that he had to begin over agin so often, for he reely orter live without makin mistakes. "The

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fackt is," he sed, "I've found that I have to make a *new beginnin every mornin*, and to pray evry nite 'fergive us our trespasses.' I opin up my life new evry mornin, just like a man opins up hiz store evry day. But New Yeer's Day is a *grand openin*, sumthin like a spring openin, and it takes a bigger holt on a feller's life."

He exorted the fokes to turn over a new leef, and to sware off and quit their meeness, and to start over agin fer to live like God wood have them live.

The Perfesser preeched rite smart of a sermon, and quit when he got threw. Glory!

When they wuz singin a hym *I could smell the koffee-smell kummin up from the kichen*, which made me wish the old yeer would hurry up and die.

Then the president interduced Judge Carpenter, who, he sed, wood speak on "The Temprance Opportoony."

"Amen!" cried out Marthy, in her prayer-meetin voice.

Marthy belongs to the W. C. T. U. and wares a write ribbun. She allers haz her temprance nerves expozed. When a feller's speekin, the fokes allers know when he's reeched hiz temprance paragraf, fer Marthy goes off like az if the speaker had hit the hed of the boil on her arm. Evry time *temprance* kumes up, Marthy hollers, "Amen!"

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Judge Carpenter sed that (az his mother used to say) he felt in his bones that the new yeer wood rid Jeriko Kort House of her twenty-nine saloons.

"Amen!" shouted Marthy, but the Judge went rite on.

He sumhow felt that afore anuther New Yeer day the peeple of the Kounty Seet wood vote out the saloon; and he wuz sure, if *they* didn't do it in the Kounty Seet, that *Sheepskin Kounty wood do it ennyway*.

"Glory, halleluyer!" shouted Marthy, interruptin the Judge. He stopped fer a seckond or two, looked at Marthy, and sed:

"But if it's dun, sister, *it'll take mor'n shoutin to do it. It'll take votes!* There are enuff men in the Adult Bible Klasses of this town, with their frends, to do it *now*. And if the wimmin could vote we'd had it dun afore this."

"Amen!" shouted Marthy, and I jined in by shoutin "Glory!" Marthy and Timothy don't often have a *duet* in the shoutin bizness.

I could still smell the splendid smell of the koffee. My! it did smell good.

George Dibble give a rowzin speech on "*The Opportoonty in Pollyticks.*" My! Laban, how he did plead for electtin cleen men to offis! He sed that evry feller orter cut loos frum the parties and vote fer principle and fer honest,



JUDGE CARPENTER.

"He felt in hiz bones that the new yeer wood rid Jeriko
Kort House of her twenty-nine saloons."

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pure, strong men, who wood do rite "though the hevens should fall down."

Ed Colyer spoke on "The Opportoonty of Kultivatin the Sole." He sed fokes wuz kultivatin about evrythin they had but their soles. The sole got its kultivatin in the prayer-klosit, and by bein shut up evry day fer a few minnits in the quiet with God. He sed he had kept the mornin-watch now fer mor'n a yeer. Evry mornin afore he left his room he spent haf an hour with God in meditatin and prayin and in reedin of hiz Bible. O, Laban, we all knowed that we 'd have a good yeer if we follered Ed's advise.

The next forty-five minnits wuz give up to a class meetin, led by Lon Hussle, and the first thirty minnits wuz to be took up by the fokes what had bekum Christians durin 1910. My! Laban, such a meetin I wuz never in. Twenty bizness men spoke what had been saved threw the work of the Husslers. My! how thankful they wuz fer 1910, and how longin they wuz fer all the men in the town to be saved! Wimmin spoke, and boys and girls spoke. They testerfied fer Jesus at the rate of two a minnit, till fifty-seven spoke. Glory!

The splendid koffee smell wuz gittin stronger and stronger, and kept me a-watchin of the klock and thinkin of the eatin part of the watch-meetin.

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At 11 o'clock Preecher P. R. O'Gressive give a talk on "Makin the Most of the New Yeer." He sed what God wanted wuz *servis*. The watchword fer the New Yeer should be "Wurk." He sed we need to watch and to pray, but that watchin and prayin woodent save the wurd, nur save us. He wanted evrybuddy there to tie up to a set job, and to decide to do it now. O, Laban, it wuz a serchin time. I felt like az if I haddent never dun nuthin, and *I must do sumthin next yeer or die*. That's the way evrybuddy felt, and with them feelins we all spent the last haf hour of the meetin a-prayin. Fer ten minnits afore midnite we wuz all silent afore the Lord. Sum sot with heds bowed; sum wuz on their nees; sum wuz meditatin; and *sum wuz smellin of the koffee smell and dreemin of fried cakes*.

When the town clock struck twelve the preecher put up a prayer of konsecrashun and we all wished each other a happy New Yeer, and ajourned. Glory!

Marthy and I got our koffee and fried cakes early so's to ketch the spechul, and we got home afore one o'clock.

That's the way the Husslers helped the preecher to keep watch-nite. It cudden't never have been dun, Laban, if the church haddent been bizzy fer a whole yeer savin soles and the

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Husslers haddent *served koffee and fried cakes at the meetin*. Bless the Lord fer a New Yeer, fer such a wife az Marthy, and fer an oil well what's still a-runnin. Luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER XIX

A Big Syklone Brewin fer the Brewers

Deer Bruther Laban:

I'd giv grandmaw's old spinnin weel if you wuz livin agin in this nayborhood, so's you could enjoy the Anty-Saloon fite what's now goin on in these parts. Fer a long time back I've kinder felt that a storm wuz brewin fer the brewers at the Kounty Seet, and I wuzzent far off in my feelins.

The *first* thunder of the kummin storm wuz herd in the Husslers' Adult Bible Klass, when it wuz first started mor'n a yeer back in the Methodist Sunday-skool. The *next* wuz in the Federashun meetin at the Town Hall; and the *last* wuz at the watch-nite meetin, when Judge Carpenter got off his temprance speech.

The saloons of Jeriko Kort House has been a-heerin distant thunder, off and on, fer about fifteen munths. But the storm's broke now, and its goin to keep on stormin till every saloonkeeper in Sheepskin Kounty is out of bizness. **Glory!**

The first thing I knowed about the fite wuz last week, when I got a two-cent letter in a

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plain wite envelop frum the Kort House invitin me down to the Kounty Seet to a seekrit konfrence fer the purpus of konsiderin a lokle opshun eleckshun at Jeriko Kort House. I wuz rite smart serprized, fer there haddent bin nuthin very much sed about it lately except what Judge Carpenter sed at the watch-nite meetin. The saloon fellers had got kinder used to the temprance *thunder*; and whatever *lightnin* they saw did n't skare them much. They sed it wuz nuthin but "*heet-lightnin*" ennyway, and it wuddent never do nobuddy enny harm. They had no idee that an old-fashun rarin-tearin, rip-snortin, western syklone wuz a-brewin.

I wuz kinder sorry that the kalled meetin wuz to be a *seekrit* meetin, fer I never have knowed what to do with a *seekrit*. Just so long az what I know aint a *seekrit* I do n't have no hankerin to talk about it; but just az soon az I git hold of a *seekrit*, it seems like az if I can't rest till I tell it to sumbuddy. I've got to tell it or *bust*. That's the reezin I never jined enny other lodge than the Masons. I spose I'd tell evrythin I know about *them*, if I wuzzent afeerd they'd cut my rite leg off if I did. That's one of the Masons' seekrits. Laban, fer goodness' sake do n't never tell no-buddy!

Well, I told Marthy about the perpozod see-

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krit meetin the first thing, fer I've no bizness to know ennythin my wife Marthy do n't know. *Bless her sole!*

The seekrit meetin wuz got up by the Hus-slers. It wuz held in the Direckter's Room of the shoe facktry on last Munday nite. There wuz only a few fokes there, but they wuz powerful seleckt. You see, Laban, that the meetin wuz an *invitashun* affair. The preechers of all the churches wuz there, and so wuz the Sunday skool superintendents, and the presidents and teechers of all the orginized men's klasses at the Kort House, and the presidents of the Epworth Leegs and Christian Endeavor Societies, and the presidents of the Good Templers and the Wimmin's Christian Temprance Union. Oh, it wuz a powerful important meetin, and, like the apossles, the fokes wuz all with one ackord in one place.

Laban, do n't you never think that such a meetin as that just *happined*. That meetin wuz *wurked* up in sumbuddy's brane. There wuz no ded "sticks" among the fokes what made up *that* meetin. Evry feller there wuz a "booster," and wuz reddy to roll up his sleeves and wurk his fingers off to drive the lickier saloons out of town, and it wuzzent a *picked-UP* meetin neether; it wuz a *picked-OUT* meetin, and the fellers wuz there fer bizness. Sum of the fellers wuz kinder nervus-like to see the editer of the

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Sheepskin Kounty Newsmonger in the meetin; but I wuzzent afeerd of hiz leekin, fer I had took pains to find out where he stood and I knowed that he wuz az "dry" as a fresh baked sody kracker.

Stant Needles, the president of the Husslers, opined the meetin. He sed that this wuz not the "Husslers'" meetin. The Husslers had only kalled the meetin fer to talk over a plan fer orginizin a lokle Anty-Saloon Leeg fer the purpus of bringin on a wet and dry electkshun. He sed that when such an orginizashun got startid, the Husslers' Klass—az a *Klass*—wood not be in it, but that evry Hussler, az an individual, wood jine the Leeg and pitch in fer vicktery. He made it cleer as daylite that no church nur society wood be in the Leeg az a *church*, nur az a *society*; but that a new orginizashun wood be formed, and that all the people what wanted to see the saloon go wood be invited to jine and help the wurk along.

They wuzzent long in gettin down to bizness. In order fer to get the bizness afore the meetin Judge Carpenter moved that "we perseed to onct to orginize a Jeriko Kort House Anty-Saloon Leeg." When Stant Needles asked if there wuz enny remarks, there wuz about a duzzen on their feet reddy to pitch in.

"Do n't try to speak all to onct," sed the Charman, "pleese speak one at a time."

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I wuz so excited over the way the fokes wanted to git in their say that I shouted, "Glory!"

Well, they all spoke, and some of them wuz powerful ellerquent, and afore we'd bin together an hour the "Jeriko Kort House Anty-Saloon Leeg" wuz borned. Glory, halleluyer!

Then the kommittees wuz appinted. There wuz one kommittee to take a pole of the town and to sirkillate a petishun to ask for an eleckshun. Bob Peary wuz appinted charman of the pole kommittee; Bruther Needles sed he kinder thawt that Peary and a pole went together. Laban, that's the time when I thanked the Lord we did n't have a Cook in the meetin, fer there'd bin a skrap on rite away. A kommittee on Agitashun and Publick Meetins wuz appinted fer to stir up the peeples. All the Pastors wuz on *that* kommittee. Then a Literature kommittee wuz appinted to give out sirkulers and tracks, and to get the fackts afore the peeples. And, last of all, there wuz a kommittee on Raisin Money—the Finance Kommittee.

I tell you, Laban, when them fokes left the meetin that nite they went out with a bull-dog look on their faces, grittin their teeth with determinashun, wile down in their soles peece wuz flowin like the Ohio River in low water. Like the Skriptur tells about Judas, "they

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went out, and *it wuz nite*." Yes, "it wuz nite," but there wuz a "mornin" kummin. Glory!

There wuzzent a feller what leaked the news of that meetin. Even the wimmin did n't tell. The hole thing wuz kept seekrit till the very day the petishuns begun sirkillatin in the kom-munity. *Then there wuz war*. We had met the enemy and had took it by serprize. Glory!

Well, Laban, the hole town wuz covered by nite, and the Leeg had the names of about haf the voters in town on the petishun. There wuz sum names we wuzzent expeektin. A lot of the fellers what drinks had signed it. They wanted to *git rid* of the stuff and have the temptashun took out of their way. Then sum fellers what *wanted* the saloon signed it, fer they wuz sure the town wood vote wet and the question wood be settled fer three yeers. They wanted to fite right away and have it over with. Yes, we wuz serprized to see *sum* names on the petishun.

Then there wuz sum names missin what we thawt sure wood be on the list. And, do you beleeeve it, Laban, sum of the missin names wuz *church peeple*. There wuz Duglass Frayzer, the shoe dealer, one of the trustees of the Methodist Church, what asked to be exkused. He rubbed his hands and sed he did n't kare to express himself. He wuz afeerd if hiz name wuz on the petishun that he'd loose sum of his shoe trade. He perferred not even to say to what

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side he wuz leenin. He wuzzent wet, nor he wuzzent dry. We give him the benefit of the dout and put him down among the "*damps*." Oh, Laban, there wuz a hole lot of the Frayzer kind in town. They sed they "*bleeved in lokle opshun*," but, Laban, they did n't have *convickshuns*. Our preecher sez that "*a bleef is sumthin what a man holds*, but that a *convickshun* is sumthin what *holds a man*."

Well, Laban, the Town Council ordered the electkshun on Febuary 14, St. Valentine's Day. Glory! The kampane is on and the pot's a-bilin to beet the band. Almost evry nite there's a meetin somewhere in town and speekers is here frum all over the country showin what benefits will kum to the town when it votes dry, and showin up what awful expenses is run up by havin saloons. They've bin tellin about the thousands of boys and girls what go down to ruin evry yeer threw drink, and what a kurse it is to evrybuddy. I go to bed almost evry nite dreemin of the time when the saloon won't be no more. Glory!

The wets has had speekers, too. Fritz Zwi-back of the Personal Liberty Leeg wuz heer fer two nites tryin to skare the peeple to deth by tellin how evrything wood go to pot if the town voted dry. He picktered the stores empty of kustomers, and the childern ragged, and grass growin in the streets, and wages kut

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down. He wuz a Pennsylvany Dutchman and he kept the krowd laffin by hiz krooked talkin. At the klose of hiz speech last nite, which he made frum the top of a beer barrel in front of John Pister's saloon, he begged the wets to stand together fer persunal liberty, and sed, "*Brutters, ve must togetter schtickin, or ve vill hang side by each.*"

The Press Kommittee is keepin the papers hot with lokle opshun news, and the electkshun is the talk of the town. Evry store haz a stove kommittee diskussin the thing. The preechers are a-preechin of it, the Wimmin's Christian Temprance Union is prayin and wurkin fer it, and Adult Klass of the town is husslin fer it, the wets is wurkin like Injuns agin it most of the time, and what time they ain't wurkin they're kussin the narrer-gage sanktermonius fokes what's stirrin up such a fuss about a bizness what's legal, and what duz so much fer the country. If a feller bleeves what the wets say he'd bleeve that the licker saloon's the gratest blessin of the American peeple, and that insted of compellin the saloon keeper to pay \$1,000 tax, Unkle Sam orter pay him a \$1,000 a yeer fer the good he duz.

Laban, here's the best news of all. Yure bruther Timothy has bin appinted Grand Marshall and Chairman of a Kommittee on Perrade the nite afore electkshun. Glory! I kin say

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now that what 'll be a-doin that nite will be a-plenty. I'm wurkin the thing up all reddy. There'll be a lot of serprizes. At the last meetin of the Husslers they sed they'd help me line up evry dry man and dry woman and all the childern in town fer the perrade. Glory!

Some fellers what put their names on the petishun haz been wantin off, but the law sez "No." Gittin on a lokle opshun pertishun is like jinin the Presperterian Church—"onc't in grace, *allers* in grace." The only diffrence is that in the petishun bizness the feller haz to "stay put," but in the Presperterian Church a feller onct in a wile backslides like a Metho-dist, but he'll never own up to it.

When I rite you agin, the eleckshun will be over and Jeriko Kort House will be dry az tinder. Glory!

I kame nigh fergittin to say that the oil well's still a-runnin. Glory! Luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.



DUGLASS FRAYZER.

"He wuzzent 'wet' nur he wuzzent 'dry;' so we give him
the benefit of the dout and put him down
among the damps."

CHAPTER XX

Kleenin Up the Saloons in the Kounty Seet

Deer Bruther Laban:

Jeriko Kort House is dry! Glory!

I've bin down to the Kounty Seet all day wearin my best kamp-meetin smile and shakin hands with the "drys" on the rezult of the lokle opshun eleckshun.

The battle wuz fit yesterday, and the drys wun out by 309 majority. Glory! That meens that the twenty-nine saloons at the Kounty Seet will pull down their blinds and go out of bizness inside of thirty days. Then the wurk of redeemin Jeriko Kort House will go on a heap faster than it ever went afore. Glory, halleluyer!

Laban, I've bin votin at eleckshuns fer nigh on to fifty yeer, but I never went threw such an eleckshun day az yesterday. That fite wuzzent enny little skirmish; it wuz a drawed battle—a reglar Battle of Gettisburg.

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The battle reely started in with the perrade of the temprance fokes the nite afore. Az Grand Marshall of the percesshun I'd put in about three weeks a-wurkin of it up. I've often thanked the Lord fer blessins, but I never thanked him so much az I did last nite fer the Organized Adult Klass Moovment; fer the battle wood sure have bin lost if the Husslers and the members of the other men's classes in town haddent wurked like sixty frum sun-up till nite.

All the pertickelers to the percesshun wuz wurked out to a fine pint. There wuz a kommittee on formashun of the perrade, a kommittee on line of march, one on banners and plackards, one on musik, and one on street deckerashuns. And they had all dun their wurk well. I reely had nuthin to do but to ride around on old Nell fer a few minnits to see if evrythin wuz all rite, then take my place at the hed of the percesshun and start her agoin.

The streets wuz packed with fokes frum evrywhere. They kame frum az fer out az Yaller-town. They stood on the walks and door steps and piazzers, and filled up the winders. The bildins wuz all deckerated up with flags and mottos, and the town wuz the most excited its bin sinct the War.

First kame a duzzen perlicemen, az a guard, marchin like soljers; then Shockey's Brass Band, playin "Onward, Christian Soljers." I

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asked the band not to play the *second* verse, fer I wuz a-leedin the percesshun, and the second verse wuz too personul. It reeds,

“See the hosts advancin
Satan leedin on.”

(I cuddent stand *that*, Laban. That wuz goin just one too far fer my pride.)

Then kame yure bruther Timothy, wearin a big red sash with gold tassels, ridin up strate like a majer genril at the hed of a konkerin army. Then follered the Exeekutive Kommittee spred out like the minstrels; then kame the kavalry of fifty-two horses rid by az menny yung fellers frum the Sunday-skools; then mor 'n 400 men of the Anty-Saloon Leeg. Then the floats and the boys and girls and the wimmen—bless their soles!

The perrade made a powerful impresshun, but the most moovin part of the perrade wuz the wimmen and childern. They sang: “Where is my wandrin boy tonite? Down in the licensed saloon!” Sum of the banners they carried, red:

“If you love your home, vote dry.”

“A dry town means well kept families.”

“Wanted, boys for the saloon! Will you give it yours?”

“The saloon is the enemy of the home. Vote it out.”

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The boys and girls carried banners too. Sum red like this:

"The saloons are after us. Save us by votin dry."

"If you love us, vote dry tomorrer."

"Where men go, boys follow. Vote out the saloon."

"Give us a chance by votin dry."

"The children's cry: Vote dry; vote dry!"

One of the floats showed a poor ragged woman at the washtub, with her ragged children round her. The banner on the float red like this:

"Who pays the lickin tax? We do; and we starve to do it."

I tell you, Laban, the perrade helped lots. Many a man went home that nite with quiverin lip and weepin eyes. They cuddent stand the pleedin of the mothers and wives and the children.

I stayed over nite at Sister Mandy's so's to be on hand fer an erly start. I'd fixed to git up at 5 o'clock, but at 4.30 all the church bells in the town begun ringin az if the town wuz on fire; and the big wissle at the shoe facktry blowed az if the day of judgement had kum and it wuz kallin up the ded.

I jumped out of bed, like az if I wuz shot, and ran to the winder to see if I could see enny blaze, but the wissle kept on blowin and the

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bells kept on ringin. When I wuz tryin to figger out the racket Mandy hollered up the stares, "Git up, Timothy, it's time to git out fer electshun."

"What's all them bells ringin fer?" I asked.

"That's sum of the *wimmen's* doins," sed Mandy, "so's to git the men out erly on the electshun job, and to let the town kno that sumthin's doin to-day."

"Glory!" sed I, "that's a grate skeem.

By 5.30 I wuz up at the poles. My! Laban, I never saw such a site at an electshun. The *wimmen* wuz out az well az the men. The Ladies' Aid and the *Wimmen's Gild* wuz in a tent just across the street frum the votin place, servin hot coffee, weeneys, and fried cakes to the men fer brekfast—and *all fer nuthin*. All the way to the poles *wimmen* and childern dressed up in their prettiest wuz scatterd along the walks, greetin the men with a cheerful wurd and givin out sirkelers what sed, "If you love your home—if you love your mother, or your wife, or your sister, or your children, *vote dry!*"

Little girls and boys wuz loaded with pink and wite karnashuns and pins, and they stopped evry man and pinned one of the flowers on his kote and sed, "Pleese, mister, *vote dry* fer my sake!"

I tell you, Laban, that wuz a powerful moovin thing to do. I watched to see how it wurked.

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I saw menny a feller what I almost *knowed* wuz "wet," git out his hankerchif, wipe his eyes, and walk off sayin to himself, "*I can't vote wet after that!*" Glory!

All over town wimmen who kno the name of about evry feller in town wuz stashuned so's they could watch the side and the frunt doors of the saloons. They'd report the name of evry feller what went in. The Home Department Messengers and the Boy Skouts wuz with them, redly to report what wuz goin on to the Anty-Saloon Leeg Offis. Then the Leeg wood send out a perliceman to kleen out the saloon. Evry alley and evry barn wuz watched by the wimmen so's there'd be no buyin up of votes. Wherever men stopped to talk in the street two wimmen stepped up and stood clost by and watched them to see that they wuzzent selling or buyin votes. Laban, there's no meazurin the good dun by the wimmen that day.

But the men wuz wurkin just az hard az the wimmen. Evry decent man in town except sum of the store keepers and owners of bizness blocks and pollytishuns wuz wurkin to git out the dry vote.

Lon Hussle had shut up the shoe facktry, and lots of his men, and most all of his girls wuz wurkin fer the drys. The Husslers and all the Organized Men's Klasses wuz chasin after evry dry vote in town. They had orter-

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mobeels and buggys and waggons, bringin out the feeble and the old and the blind.

About noon the challengers checked up the dry vote what had bin poled and they found out that about a quarter of the dry vote wuz still out. Then the Husslers and all the Adult Bible Klass men hussled like Injuns all the afternoon, till they chased up and landid the last dry vote. My! it wuz excitin.

But the wets wuz wurkin, too. They had ortermobeels and waggons, and they wuz chasin up the last *wet* vote. They had a pile of money fer to buy up votes, and they *did* buy sum. John Floater wuz brawt up afore the Kort and wuz charged with sellin hiz vote to the wets.

A lot of the Husslers wuz servin as challengers at the poles. Evry now and then they 'd spot a wet who wuz tryin to vote twict, or a stranger what tried to vote away frum home.

By three o'clock evrything had about kammed down. About evry feller in town, except the "dodgers," had voted, and we all waited kinder impatient-like fer 5.30, when the poles wuz to be closed up.

All day long, in the rooms of the Wimmen's Christian Temprance Union, a prayer meetin had bin goin on. The congregashun kept changin all the time. Fokes wood pray a wile, then they 'd go out and wurk. Some wood wurk awile, then they 'd turn in to pray. They

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were follerin out the Skriptur, "Wurk and pray." It wuz God's battle and we wuz shure He'd give us vicktry.

Well, Laban, exactly at 5.30 the poles wuz closed, and the kount wuz begun. I kept tally on my pass book. It looked mitey clost fer a time. When the "drys" got ahed then I got all het up, and when the "wets" wood leed then I'd have a chill. I had more chills and fever in the two hours when the vote wuz bein kounted than I've had sinct I first saw daylite. But when the fellers got down to the *bottom* of the ballot box the kount wuz dry, dry, dry, dry, dry, dry, dry, dry, dry, dry. In fackt there wuz nuthin else there but "drys." *Them* wuz the votes what the church bells rung out. Our precinct give 74 dry majority.

I wuzzent shoutin "Glory!" yet, fer the other votin places wuz yet to heer frum. Marthy and I then went up to the Leeg hedquarters to git the full returns. There wuz grate excitement up there. We haddent no more than got on the steps afore the church bells begun ringin and the shoe facktry wissle a-blowin just like they did in the mornin. That settled it. We knowed then that the town had went dry.

I hollered at the top of my lungs, "*Glory, halleluyer!*"

"Sh-h-h!" sed Marthy, "this ain't no church!"

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"Kant help it," sed I, and I let out another "*Glory, halleluyer!*"

Then the cheerin begun. Up at the square the band wuz a-playin, "Glory, glory, halleluyer, Our God is marchin on." The boys had got a lot of boxes and barrels out and had bilt a bon-fire like we used to do at eleckshuns back in the sixties.

Just as we turned the korner to go into the square we saw a poor woman with a shawl on her hed, dressed in rags, neelin down in the middle of the side walk pourin out her sole to God in a prayer of thanksgivin fer drivin out the saloons. She sed, "O God, *now* I kin have a home, *now* I kin have a sober husband, *now* me and the childern kin have close and enuff to eat. O, I *thank* Thee! I *thank* Thee! I *thank* Thee! Praise God!"

O, Laban, what a wonderful change has kame to the Kounty Seet, sinct the Men's Moovment began a-moovin. Lots of good things have kum to the Kounty Seet in yeers past, but nuthin what has took hold of the men of the town like the Organized Adult Bible Klass Moovment. The Kounty Seet has more cleen, strate, up-rite Christian men in it than ever afore. The saloon just had to go, fer when relijun—*reel relijun*—gits into a kommunity sin haz to git out.

With the Kounty Seet "dry," we 're now goin

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in to have evry spot in Sheepskin Kounty
"dry," except our oil well. If *that* ever goes
"dry" it'll be a sad day fer the Stand-bys.
Thank the Lord it's still a-runnin. Luv to
Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER XXI

Settin Fire to the Prayer Meetin

Deer Bruther Laban:

I wuz down to the Kort House last Sunday fer to vizzit two of the Sunday-skools in my offishul kapacerty az President of Isreel Township Sunday Skool Associashun; fer its my bizness onct in a wile to look around amongst the skools and see what they're a-doin. I picked out the Dissyple and the Methodist Skools fer *this* trip, and I saw enuff to make my heart rejois fer the next six munths.

I mite rite this hole letter about what I saw at the Dissyple Skool, but I won't do that now, fer I know you'll be powerful interested in heerin about what 's doin in the Husslers' Adult Bible Klass at the Methodist Church.

I opined the door and walked in the room just at the pint where the klass wuz takin up the reports of the kommittees. Stant Needels wuz presidin. John Allen had just began reportin fer the Devoshunal Kommittee. I knowed frum the way John started in that he had rite smart on his hart to say, and he sed it like az if he wuz a profit of the Lord.

John sed that he wanted to report that the

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Devoshunal Kommittee thinks that the Husslers' Adult Bible Klass ain't bin doin enuff fer the Church and fer the Preecher. "I know we're doin a lot of things what's worth wile," he sed, "and we ain't doin too much, but, az it sez in the Dissiplin, 'we've left undone the things what we'd orter have done.'"

"Now go rite on with yure quotin," sed Clint Stevenson, mischeevus-like. "The next sentence reeds, '*and there's no help in us.*'"

That disconcertin remark of Clint's pervoked a smile and kame mitey nigh nockin John out, but he got on the track agin, quicker'n I kin tell it, and sed in a loud voice: "That part of the prayer do n't fit this case, fer *there IS help in us*. The help is *too much IN us*, and I'm ankshus fer to *git the help OUT of us*, where it will do sumbuddy sum good."

"What do you want the Husslers to do, Bruther John?" sed President Stant Needels.

"Well," sed John, "the Devoshunal Kommittee feels that the *Lord* wants the klass to git behind the church prayer-meetin, and set it on fire. It certainly ain't blazin much now. I've bin attendin of the prayer-meetin fer nigh on to fifteen yeers, and I've gone pretty reglar, and it's a wunder to me that the preecher keeps it up fer such a handful of peeples. Of korse, the fokes what goes gets *sum* good out of it, but most of them what's there is *wimmin*."

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Judge Carpenter and two or three more is about all the *men* there is among about twenty wimmin. I tell you, boys, it gits mitey lonesum fer the faithful few sumtimes; but *that* ain't the reezin I'm talkin. I'm makin this speech bekaws of sumthin what happened last Wensday nite."

John wuz waxin hot and wuz gittin ellerquent, and the boys wuz lissinin with all ears. Going rite on, he sed:

"You kno, boys, that we've bin makin a hard fite fer sum time fer to git Joe Richards into the Kingdum. Well, three weeks ago Joe wuz konverted and jined the church. The preecher told him, among other things, that he orter attend the preechin services and the prayer meetin. Well, Joe's *first* prayer-meetin wuz last Wensday nite, and if there ain't sumthun dun, it will sure be his *last*.

"Joe wuz the first man at the meetin. When he opined the door he saw eight wimmin sittin round the register toastin of their feet. They all stared down to the door to see who'd kum. Joe thawt he'd made a bad brake, so he backed out of the door and sed, excited and konfused like, 'Pardon me, ladies, gess I'm *occupewin* the *wrong pie*—er, er, I mean occupyin the *wrong pew*!' Then Joe hunted up the sexton. He had rite smart of a time findin him, fer he wuz down in the cellar stirrin up the fire.

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"Hello, Jake," sed Joe, "Is there a prayer-meetin ennywhere round this bildin?"

"Up stares in the Church," sed Jake.

"Well, that's what I thawt," sed Joe, "but the *Wimmen's Sewin Society* is holdin a meetin there."

"No," sed Jake, "that's the prayer-meetin!"

"But where's the *men*?" sed Joe.

"Oh, they'll kum," sed Jake, smilin, "You go rite in; the men'll be along soon."

"Well, boys, countin Joe, there wuz three men and twenty-one wimmin to that prayer-meetin, and Joe sez it will be a kold day when we git him into another wimmin's meetin. I do n't blame him a bit. But, boys, Joe needs the help of the mid-week meetin, and, if we'd tell the honest truth, we know we *all need it*, just az much az Joe duz."

"Mr. President," sed John, "the prayer-meetin's bin a-smoulderin along fer yeers. It's bin the preecher's *discouragement* instead of bein his *encouragement*. It hazzent bin what it orter be and what it mite be if this Husslers' Adult Bible Klass wood git under it; and I moov that the Husslers pledge themselves to attend the prayer-meetin next Wensday nite, and that we meet at 6.45 in the Kort House lobby, march to the meetin in a body, and set it on fire."

"Amen!" I hollered, fergittin agin that this wuzzent my meetin.



JOE RICHARDS.

"Is there a prayer meetin ennywhere about this here church bildin?"

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I reminded the Husslers that *that* 's what the Men's Klass at Brush Fork had bin doin frum the start, and that it wuz the big attendance of the Men's Klass at the Deestrick Confrence that give preecher P. R. O'Gressive the vishun of startin a klass in the Kounty Seet. I knowed that preecher P. R. O'Gressive had bin disappointed that the Husslers haddent took such a turn afore.

Well, the boys talked it all over, and the more they talked the more they kawt the fever. Bert Higgins moved that hereafter, whenever a Hussler met or passed anuther, he wood lift his rite hand and pint hiz first finger to the sky, and that such a sign wood meen, "Don't fergit Wensday nite." Afore they closed the bizness sesshun of the meetin every feller had promised that he 'd keep the hole skeem seekrit frum the preecher and wood give him the serprize of his life next Wensday nite. Joe Richards got up and sed he 'd go to the prayer-meetin reglar if the boys wood git under it to stay. All day Monday and Toosday the Husslers wuz greetin one anuther with the finger pintoed to the skies, remindin them of the kummin meetin.

Well, Laban, Marthy and yure bruther Timothy went down to the Kounty Seet last Wensday afternoon to take in the serprize party, and we reeched Sister Mandy's in time for supper. After supper Marthy and Mandy went out to

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the meetin, and I went down to jine the Hus-slers at the Kort House. My! it wuz a grand site to see the fellers turn out. By seven o'clock sixty-three had showed up. Stant Needels fixed the boys in a kollum, and we marched two and two down Main Street to the Church.

The men and boys loafin round the Square wuz took by serprize. They cuddent figger out the meenin of a percesshun at that time of the evenin. They follered the men with their eyes az they marched down the street and watched them file into the Methodist Church, and sum of the loafers marched along with the krowd into the meetin to see what wuz goin on. That's allers the way; peeple foller the krowd. If there's a krowd, other fokes will kum.

I wuz invited to march with Stant Needels and Lon Hussle at the hed of the percesshun. It seemed kinder nateral to be heddin a per-rade agin, sinct I'd rid old Nell as Grand Mar-shall of the Anty-Saloon perrade the nite afore eleckshun. *Glory!*

Well, Laban, it wuz wurth a farm to see the look on the preecher's face when the perces-shun started up the ile. There wuz seventeen wimmin and not a man present afore the Hus-slers kame. The sisters wuz singin "Revive us agin," and as the boys filed in the room they took up the song and made it ring. The meetin had to sing the song threw twict afore the boys

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all got into their seats. And the deer sisters looked as happy as if the millenyum had kum. *Glory!*

"Let us now have three volunteer prayers," sed the preecher.

Judge Karpenter led off. I never herd him pray with such power. Then sister Mandy prayed. She cuddent do much mor'n thank the good Lord fer what her eyes had saw that nite. She told Him so four or five times in her prayer, and wound up by askin the Lord to make this sort of a turnin out of the men a *weekly* affair.

There were lots of "Amens" to that senterment, and above them all I herd Marthy's kamp-meetin voice sayin, "*and Amen!*"

When the meetin wuz throwed open fer speekin the sisters had to jump fer a chance to git a wurd in. John Allen told how this wonderful turnout kame about, and thirty-five men took part in the meetin. Sum prayed and sum spoke, and they all looked like az if they'd like to stay in a meetin like this ferever.

But when preecher P. R. O'Gressive spoke, that wuz the high-water mark of the meetin. He sed that he'd had all sorts of serprizes durin his ministry, but never one like this. He'd had krowds kum to the parsonage, and to the church, and to the church soshuls, and, after a few perliminery remarks, present him with a Bible or a kane or a purse of money, or give his wife

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a set of dishes or a rockin chair and the like. "To tell the truth," sed the preecher, "when I saw the Husslers kummin down the ile, I thawt it ment that I wuz goin to git a gold watch, or a big raise in my salary, but, thank the Lord, if this meens the *firin up of the prayer-meetin*, and it's goin to *stay fired*, it's better than all the gold watches in Ameriky, fer it meens salvashun and redemshun. It's just the thing what orter happin in all the churches after such a temprance vicktry az we've had here in this town. The saloons is now klosed, and the men have nowhere to go of evenins. The fackt is that the churches or sum good place orter be opin every nite and the Adult Klasses orter help the church to draw the poor saloon krowd into the churches and then git it into the Kingdom."

The meetin klosed with singin "When the Genral Roll is Kalled up Yonder, I'll Be There." Then the preecher hurried down to the door and got hold of the hand of evry feller az he went out. His warm handshake told how much he appreshiated the serprize party, and his "Kum Next week," wuz enuff to make a feller say down in his sole, "That's what I will, or die."

The thirty days allowed by law fer the saloons to klose wuz up Toosday, and Wensday wuz the first day sinct the town wuz started that a

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feller cuddent buy a drink of beer or whisky if he wanted to.

Just az I wuz goin down to the trolly stashun fer to go home to Brush Fork a man in a buggy hailed me and sed, "Hello, Stranger, kin you tell me the neerest place where I kin buy a drink of whisky?"

"Yes, sir," sed I, "just foller me."

I led him out one square to the Nashunal Pike and pinte my finger down the rode, and sed:

"The neerest place where you kin buy a drink of whisky is just seventy-two miles down that 'ere pike."

"Heavens!" sed the man.

"No," sed I, "'t ain't Heven, it's Cincinnati. Good evenin, friend. Wish you a safe journey."

Az Marthy and yure bruther Timothy walked on to the stashun, we wuz both havin a camp-meetin way down in our soles. Sumhow the stars seemed to shine briter, and everybuddy looked better, and certainly we wuz rite smart happier bekaws of the wunderful way the Lord is wurkin out the redemshun of the Kounty Seet.

I must quit ritin now and git to bed. Marthy turned in an hour ago. Luv to Kate.

The oil well's still a-runnin. Glory!

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER XXII

“Pervidin a Substitoot fer the Saloon”

My deer Bruther Laban:

Things is lookin mitey fine in Brush Fork just now. Spring 's sot in in good earnest. The trees is leefin out, and natur is puttin on a bran new soot of clothes. The birds is nestin, the bees is wurkin on the cherry and apple blossums, the hens is layin seven days in the week, the plowin's about dun, the potater vines is growin fine, and the oil well's pumpin stedly. Glory!

But I won't waste no ink in tellin you about the farm. That's yure life, and you kno all about *that*. The thing you want to heer, is what's doin down to Jeriko Kort House sinct the saloons went out; and what the Adult Klases is doin sinct the electshun.

Well, Laban, the best thing that ever struck the Kort House is the lokle opshun electshun. It did n't only shut up the saloons, but it give the Organized Men's Klases sumthin practikle to do.

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You see, Laban, when twenty-nine saloons in a town of about 4,000 people are shut up, there 's a pile of men turned out on the street. These fellers has bin loafin in the saloons for yeers, and now they 've got no place to go. If they wuz the rite kind of fokes, now that they 've got a chance, they 'd stay home with the famly; but they ain't that kind. They 've bin goin down town of evenins fer yeers, and the saloons haz bin a sort of klub-room fer them. The saloons wuz allers well lited. They wuz warm in winter and kool in summer, and they allers had music. The fellers allers met a lot of kompan-yuns there, and they had got the saloon *habit*. Now, votin out the *saloons* did n't vote out the *loafin habit* by a long shot. The men went down town just the same, and they did n't have no place to go. The churches wuz all locked up, except on Sundays and Wensday nites, and the men just wandered around the streets like sheep. If sumthin wuzzent dun they 'd be trumpin up sum sort of sin what wood mor 'n likely be about az bad az the saloon.

That 's what preecher P. R. O'Gressive sed wood happin when he spoke at the surprize-party-prayer-meetin; and *that* remark startid a moov among the Husslers to git up what the preecher calls a "substitoot" fer the saloon az a klub room fer the saloon fellers.

The seed what the preecher planted at the

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surprize-party-prayer-meetin first sprouted in the Husslers' Adult Bible Klass. At its bizness meetin, held the week after the saloons wuz clozed, the matter wuz took up and wuz went over in good earnest. The Husslers soon saw that no *one* church in a town the size of the Kort House could do such a wurk fer the hole town; so a meetin of the Federashun wuz kalled, and afore it had ajourned it had votid fer the opinin of the "Jeriko Kort House Publick Reedin and Reckreashun Rooms." Glory!

Of korse I wuz down to the Federashun Meetin for I'm keepin clost to all what's goin on fer the good of the Kingdom at the kounty seet, and az far az I kin, I'm keepin up with the Kingdom doins the world round.

There wuz seven Men's Organized Klasses at the Federashun Meetin; the Presperterian, the Reformed, the United Brutherin, the Evangelikle, the Dissiple, the Baptist, and the Methodist. The preecher of each one of the churches and the Sunday-skool Superintendent wuz there by speshul invite.

It did n't need no arguin fer to make it plain that sumthin had to be dun to pervide a place fer the saloon fellers to go. I wuz rite smart pleezed to see that no klass, nur church, nur preecher pulled out of the skeem. *Bless the Lord!* The churches had wurked so long and

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so hard in the Anti-Saloon fite, that they 'd kum to like to do things *together*. Laban, as sure as yure born there are some things churches kin do better *together* than they kin do one at a time; and this is one of them! *Glory!*

While the Federashun wuz diskussin the skeem Homer Miller stole quiet-like out of the meetin and wispered to a feller neer the door that he wuz agoin out to see what could be dun about rentin a room on the Square. "Keep the meetin goin 'till I kum back," he sed, as he hurried down stairs.

Well, Laban, in less than half-an-hour Homer wuz back. The Federashun had desided alreddy to open a "Publick Reedin and Reckreashun Room," as *soon as the way wuz kleeer*; and the only thing what wuz blockin the way wuz the *place*. Of the twenty-nine saloons what wuz klosed up, mor 'n twenty of the rooms wuz now filled up with grocery stores, bucher shops, a milinary store, a harness shop, a shoe store, a picktur show, and other biznesses, and the Federashun wuz wonderin if it cuddent get hold of one of the eight empty saloon rooms what wuz left. Just then Homer Miller kame in.

"Mr. President!" yelled Homer.

"Mr. Miller is on the floor," sed President Judge Carpenter.

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"The Members of this Federashun will remember," sed Bruther Miller, "that when the wets bawt in their speeker frum Cincinnati durin the Lokle Opshun Kampane that he made a speech frum the top of a beer barl in frunt of John Pister's saloon. I want to say that in order to lose no time in this matter I stole out of the meetin a wile ago to look around fer a place what we could rent fer this Reedin Room, and I'm glad to say that we kin rent the room what wuz onct John Pister's saloon fer \$40.00 a munth."

"*Glory!*" I shouted. "If you'll rent that there room fer that price, I'll give \$10 a munth out of our oil well money on the rent."

"The Husslers' Klass of the Methodist Episcopal Skool will give anuther ten," sung out Stant Needles.

"The John Calvin Klass of the Presperterian Skool will give five," sed President Woodin.

"The Robert Cowden Klass of the United Bruthren Skool, five," sed Perfesser Honline, the teecher.

"Put the Roger William Klass of the Baptist Skool down fer five," called out President Wilson Holmes.

"The Dissyples want in on this," sed President Mercer. "Put down the Alexander Campbell Klass fer five."

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"The Hydelberg Klass of the Reformed Church will give ten," sed Homer Miller.

"Hold on," sed Stant Needles, "we 've got five dollers too much."

"Don't stop!" shouted Judge Carpenter. "We'll need a lot more than rent money. There's the light, and the water, and the janiter, and other expenses. If we kin raze a hundred dollars a munth fer expenses, we kin git enuff subskripshuns frum the publick to furnish the rooms and put in the books and magazines, and ennythin else what's needed fer to make the R. R. R. a success."

"What do you meen, Judge, by 'R. R. R.?' " I sed.

"Reedin and Reckreashun Room," answered the Judge, the boys klappin their hands and laffin at my foolish question.

Afore the meetin wuz over Homer Miller wuz appinted to lease John Pister's saloon room fer a yeer. Judge Carpenter hedded a Kommittee on finances and property; Ed. Colyer a kommittee on fixtures; Perfesser Ray on books and literachure, Bert Higgins on Jimnasyum, John Allen on klerk and kare of rooms, and Klint Stevenson on services and entertainment.

Well, Laban, I never knowed of such husslin in my life az wuz showed by them kommittees. It wuzzent two days afore the town peeples had

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subscribed \$2,000 fer to fix up the property and git it reddy. Inside of a week the karpenters and painters and paper-hangers had turned John Pister's saloon frum a gin mill into a redemshun mill. The floor wuz put down in hard wood, and wuz az smooth and tite as the top of our new dinin room table. The peeple had donated pickturs and books and shelves and tables, and these had all bin sot round the room in homelike fashun. The Committee on Fixtures had bawt a lot of files fer papers and 200 chairs (enuff fer entertainments and sich). Lots of papers in nearby kounties had put the Jeriko R. R. R. on the free-mailin list. Fokes had subscribed fer mor 'n fifty magazines, and these wuz hung on files. The room wuz lited by ceterleen gas. An electrick sine over the walk sed, "Publick Free Reedin and Reckreashun Room—All men and boys welcome."

One part of the room wuz sot off fer games. Checkers and chess and dominos wuz sot out with tables fer to play them on. *Cards wuz not allowed! Glory!*

Then the big room jinin, what John Pister had used fer a pool room and bilyard parler, wuz fixed over into a jimnasyum. There wuz horizontle bars, and swingin bars, and rings, and horses, and ladders, and dumb bells, and Injun klubs, and all sorts of fixins fer gittin up a swet and making mussle.

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On the wall hung the rules what red like this:

RULES

1. No Smokin.
2. No Swearin.
3. No Spittin on the Floor.
4. No Playin Games fer Stakes.
5. No Drinkin Licker.
6. No Loud Talkin.
7. No Loud Noises.
8. No Hats On.

Rooms open frum 6 to 10 P. M.

Every Day but Sundays.

The Federashun had picked out fellers fer to take charge of the room. Each nite a different man took his turn, without enny charge. The janiter had the room all lited and warm by 6 o'clock, and inside of ten days the thing wuz wurkin fine.

Yesterday I wuz down to Jeriko Kort House to do sum bizness. I did n't git threw till after seven o'clock, so I went around to the Reedin Room to see it wurk. There wuz mitey few loafers on the streets. Most all of them wuz at the Reedin Room.

I tell you, Laban, it did my sole good to see the fellers reedin papers and magazines, and playin checkers. They wuz havin a good time. Rite smart of the Adult Bible Klass fellers wuz there too. Sum wuz playin checkers with

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sum of the old saloon loafers, and wuz gittin acquainted, with the checker-board as the "pint of contact," as Perfesser Ray sez in the teacher-trainin klass.

Ray Mohr wuz on duty last nite and wuz in charge of the room. He haddent no trubble to keep order. The boys wuz behavin fine. Ray just kinder watched to see that nuthin wuz spiled or took away, and that no doins went on agin the rules

Twict a week (Thursdays and Saturdays) the jimnasyum is fixed up fer a free entertainment to the men and boys who haz used the reedin room fer an hour or more that week and who has got a ticket to show fer it. Nite afore last there wuz a concert, and next week there 'll be a movin picktur show of travel pickturs.

Yes, Laban, the Reedin Room's the talk of the town. It's doin a wurk fer the men what's gittin hold of their harts. It's makin them understand better 'n ever that the church wants to help them stand up strate.

Then just see, Laban, what it's doin fer the men what's in the Orginized Klasses. It's gave every one of them a personul intrest in the men they cuddent reech afore within a thousand miles. They are forgittin themselves in tryin to help their bruthers, and on Sunday afternoon the Federashun holds a Gospel Temperance Meetin in the jimnasyum.

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Alreddy a lot of the saloon men haz begun to kum to Sunday-skool, and mor 'n twenty haz jined the Men's Bible Klasses in the diffrent churches.

O Laban, *that's* wurk what's wurth while. There's no use of wurkin to shut up the saloons unless the church pervides fer the men sum place to their likin where they kin spend their evenins.

Between the Oarginized Adult Klasses, the Public Reedin and Reckreashun Room and the Church, it won't be long, Laban, afore most of the men at the Kort House will be servin the Lord.

I've just red this letter to Marthy, and she sez: "Timothy, that's good az far az it goes; but you've clean fergot the girls. What are you goin to do fer the girls what haz no place to go of nites? *They* need a place fer soshul life and help just az much az the boys and men."

"Well, Marthy," sez I, "that's up to yure wimmin's klasses. If they'll start it, the men will help them."

My rumatiz bothers me sum tonite, and I'll have to quit. Marthy jines me in luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

P. S. The oil well's still a-runnin.

CHAPTER XXIII

“Wurkin Both Sides of the Globe”

Deer Bruther Laban:

Last nite az I wuz sittin out on the porch in my shirtsleeves restin up a little afore I went to bed, Lon Hussle's ortermobeel druv up and stopped infrunt of our gate. Three frellers, beside Lon, piled out on the grass and kame walkin up the path swingin their arms like az if they ment bizness. I wuz rite smart tired and did n't feel enny too much like entertainin kompany, but I'm never too tired to see Lon Hussle enny time he wants to kum.

When the fellers got up neer the house I saw that the other three wuz Homer Miller, Moze Honline and Doc Baldwin. I knowed rite away that such a denominational mix-up as *that* ment that the boys wuz out on *Federashun* bizness, and that the Jeriko Kort House Adult Bible Klass Federashun must have sumthin a-brewin. Mor'n likely they had kame down after sum cash frum the Stand-by family.

But them thawts didn't give yure Bruther

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Timothy no chill. No, indeed! Why, Laban, I've bin prayin to the Lord fer yeers to stir up the men at the Kort House, and now that they're moovin I feel like praisin the Lord fer what my eyes haz alreddy saw, and fer what they're goin to see afore I die. No, Laban, I ain't prayed the prayer, "Lord, I pray thee have me eckskused," fer yeers and yeers and yeers. I'm just *akin* to help sumbuddy. That's the reezin I wuz glad to see a delegashun frum the Kort House what I *knowed* way down in my sole wuz *after* sumthin. *Glory!* Evry now and *then I git lots of kumfort out of the Skriptur*, "*Better is the man who gives away what he haz got, than the feller who salts it down fer hiz relashuns to fite over.*" *Glory!*

Well, it wuzzent long afore we wuz all sittin kumfortable-like on the porch talkin about the wether and the prospects fer a good wheet krop and other things what ginerally leeds up to the *real* thing to be konsiderd. Marthy had finished up her dishes and had jined the kompany, and *there we wuz*.

"Bruther Stand-by," sed Lon Hussle, "we four are a kommittee frum the Federashun to look into the feasibility—"

"To look into *what?*" sed Marthy.

"The feasibility of—" sed Lon, tryin to go on.

"We ain't got nuthin like a 'freezability' around here except our ice creem freezer," sed

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Marthy breakin in onct more, "and yure welkum to look into *that* all your please. I kno its sweet and kleen, fer I washed it good in bilin water this mornin and it's bin hangin on one of the grape-arbor poles all day long in the hot sun. I'll git it fer you," sed Marthy, startin fer the kitchen, "and you kin all look into it, and welkum."

"Hold on a minnit, Sister Stand-by," sed Lon. "You do n't understand me. We do n't want to look into yure ice creem freezer. If you 'll just be payshent till I git threw you 'll kno all about what's on our minds."

"As I should have sed, we've kum to ask yure advice about establishin a hospitle in the Kort House. You see, we've nuthin of the kind there. It's seventy miles to the neerest hospitle, and sick fokes frum these parts have an awful long, tiresum and weaknin journey to git there. Durin the last ten yeers there's bin a lot of fokes in this nayborhood what's *died* frum accident; and they mite have been saved if there'd bin a hospitle klost to hand. The Federashun is thinkin of establishin a hospitle what is to be jintly owned by the churches of Jeriko Kort House, suprintended by a Board appinted by the Federashun, and operated by the Sheepskin Kounty Medikle Society. All the churches and Adult Klasses and Sunday skools will have an intrest in it, and the Fed-

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erashun will have it as a speshul object of wurk rite here to hum. What do you think of the propersishun, Unkle Timothy?"

"It sounds fine," I sed. "It's rite smart of an undertakin, and it'll take lots of good bizness sense to see it threw. It'll have to be incorporated and be put on a safe finanshul basis if its goin to go. I'm *in* fer it, fer it looks like the Master. The place where the church haz fell down is that it hazzent pervided fer the care of the sick. Evry town of enny size orten have a hospitle, and it orter be a *Christian* hospitle, under the care of the church, where both sole and body kin be treeted. Yes! Yes! I'm in favor of *that*."

"I've often thawt," sed I, goin rite on, "what I'd do if I ever had suspendercitis. If I cud-dent git to a hospitle quick I kno I'd die."

"Pardon me," Unkle Timothy, "you don't meen 'suspendercitis,' you meen 'appendicitis,' which is inflammashun of the appendix, and it often haz to be removed to save life."

"Yes, I knowed that," I sed, "I just fergot the rite name of the pesky thing."

"Well," sed Marthy, "I kno *my* husband ain't got no appendix. Just look at him. It's plain to be saw that there ain't nuthin *extr*y in hiz anatermy. The only appendix there is around *this* house is the appendix what's in the dick-shunary, and I'll be glad to have *that* took out

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az soon az the Hospitle's red dy, fer its of no erthly ackount to nobuddy."

The boys all had a good laff over Marthy's remark; somehow she allers sees the funny side of evrythin, and she has to let it out or bust.

"How much will the Hospitle cost?" I asked.

"Well, we figger on \$25,000 fer a start," sed Lon. "We're not plannin to go in very big in the start. Judge Carpenter subscribed \$5,000, and I subscribed \$3,000, and now we'd like to kno how much you will put into it."

I asked fer to be eckskused fer a minnit, so's that Marthy and I cud talk it over. When we kame back I sed, "Well, boys, Marthy and yure Unkle Timothy has desided that we'd give the last \$5,000, and, if the oil well's still a-runnin when the hospitle is opined, *we'll endow two beds. Glory!*"

Well, Laban, it wuz wurth the hole oil well to see them fellers' faces at the kloze of my speech. Onct more the Lord tawt me that it's "More blessedder to give than it is to receev."

It's bin three weeks sinct that ortermobeel visit, and do you kno, Laban, that the money's all subscribed and the thing's a go. And the hospitle is to be kalled the "Mercy Hospitle."

It won't be menny munths now afore the Mercy Hospitle will be up and doin bizness, and it will all have kum about bekaws of the

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Organized Bible Klass Moovement and the lokle opshun eleckshun at the Kounty Seet.

You asked in yure last letter "if the Husslers wuz still husslin fer the church prayer meetin?"

Yes sir-e-e! the big turn out of the men at the prayer meetin haz bin the talk of the town. It's woke up the offishul members of the church, so that now most of the trustees and stewards has jined the prayer meetin krowd. Last week there wuz a hundred and forty present and mor'n half of them wuz men.

I went down on purpus to see how the new moov wuz wurkin out. I tell you, Laban, I wuz never in a big meetin what wuz better than that prayer meetin. There wuzzent neer time enuff fer all who wanted to pray or speak. Praps the thing what make the meetin so wonderful wuz what happined clost on to its end. About fifteen minnits afore the close of the meetin Charley Scott riz up and sed he wanted to tell the church about the gratest eckspeerience, next to hiz konvershun, what had ever kame into hiz life.

"You know," he sed, "that the Husslers' Misshunary Kommittee last October organized a Misshun Study Klass, and I jined it. We took up the study of a book kalled 'The Uplift of Chiny.' I can't tell you, deer frends, how wonderful that book haz took hold of my life.

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When I got over to the chapter on 'Uplifting Leeders,' and I studied about Robert Morrison and all the pyoneers in that heethen land, a strange feelin kum over me that I must give my life to Chiny. I've bin fitin it off fer munths, but at last I've give up. In my bed room last nite, alone with God, I settled the question, and I have give God my hole life fer Chiny. I kame to this prayer meetin tonite on purpus to tell the church of my vicktery and decisshun. Oh, how I long to go. How I wish I could start tonite. The need is so great, and the misshunaries are so few. It will be hard to leeve my deer muther and my bruthers and sisters, and this deer church where I first found God, but I'm needed in Chiny. I go to face danger and perhaps deth, but I go with joy. I want you to pray that I may not hold my life deer to myself if I kin save sum."

O, Laban, when I herd Charley Scott speak them wurds, I felt az if I wuz nuthin but a mustard seed. They made me feel like az if I had bin doin *nuthin* fer the Kingdom. How I wished I wuz yung agin to jine him as a misshunary. I had rite smart of a time to get my thawts off of myself, but after a wile I did, and then I begun to think what a wonderful vicktery fer the Husslers' klass wuz this kall of Charley Scott. It wuz the nateral rezult of Misshun study. It had dun just what I knowed

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prayerful Misshun Study wood do ennywhere. It did n't only git more money fer the Misshunary kolleckschun, but it kaptured a *life* fer the misshun field. *Glory!*

Now the Husslers will have one of their *own men* in Chiny. *Now* they'll reed up a lot on the country and the peeple. *Now* they'll be interested in all misshunary news. *Now* they'll be ankshus to heer frum Charley Scott. *Now* they'll want to help him. *Now* they'll give more libral fer misshuns. *Glory!*

Laban, all them thawts passed threw my mind durin the last fifteen minnits of the meetin. But the effeckt of that speech of Charley Scott's on the members can't never be told. He haddent mor'n quit afore about twenty heds wuz bowed on the chairs in frunt of them in prayer.

Charley's muther nelt down and poured out a prayer of thanksgivin to God that her prayer had bin ansered. My, it wuz powerful moovin. She sed, "Oh, God, thou rememberest that when Charley wuz a baby I brawt him to thee and gave him to thee fer the misshun field, and I've bin waitin fer twenty-five yeers fer thee to kall him to hiz wurk. Oh, I thank thee that thou hast honored me and hiz sainted father with this kall. And now baptize Charley with the Holy Ghost and with power, and may he go out leening on thy promise, 'Lo, I am

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with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Amen."

When the meetin wuz over I stepped over to where Charley wuz sittin and slipped a little note in hiz hand what red like this:

"Deer Charley:

"When yure reddy to go to Chiny the Stand-by family will pay yure fare; if the oil well keeps on a-runnin.

"UNKLE TIMOTHY."

When Charley shook my hand "good nite" he could skarce speak, and his eyes wuz so full of tears he could skarce see. All he could say wuz, "Bless the Lord! Bless his name!"

Oh, Laban, with a Reedin Room and a Hospitle helpin Jeriko Kort House and a live Hussler Misshunary husslin fer soles over in Chiny, the Husslers' Adult Klass will be wurkin on two sides of the globe, and will have tied itself up permanent to sum things what 'll kount in the Great Day what's kummin. Glory!

Pray that the oil well will keep on runnin. Luv to Kate.

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.

CHAPTER XXIV

Jeriko Kort House "Afore and After Taken"

My deer Bruther Laban:

And so yure kummin on to spend the Forth of July with yure kin at Brush Fork. Glory! That wuz the best news we've got frum you fer twenty yeer. You and Kate ain't no prodigals, but we'll kill the fatted rooster ennyway (we ain't got no calf) and we'll give you az grate a time az the Stand-by family kin git up fer returnin relashuns. And yure goin to stay all summer. Glory! Wile yure about it you'd better leese yure farm and kum back to the good old Buckeye State fer to settle down and live out the rest of yure life in the place where you startid.

Well, yure kummin *ennyway*; fer long or fer short; fer better or fer wurse. *That* bein the kase this will be my last letter. I'll kinder miss ritin you evry munth, but it'll be lots better to vizzit with you and Kate.

But Laban, to be honest, this wood have bin the last letter fer a wile ennyway, fer I've just

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about dun all I kin fer the Kort House Adult Kllasses. Marthy pinte out to me my dooty last nite.

Jest az I left the supper table and started to go into the sittin room to look over the Sheepskin Kounty Newsmonger, Marthy sed, "Timothy, afore you turn in tonite I want to have a little talk with you."

"What's on yure mind now?" sed I. "Has ennything happined?"

"No," sed Marthy, "I wanted to talk over sum thawts I've bin havin fer a long time back. I jest wanted to find out if you and yure wife are still of the same mind."

Now, Laban, I cuddent skarse reed the paper fer wunderin what wuz on Marthy's mind. When Marthy haz had "*thawts*" fer a long time back, and they havn't leeked out afore, and a time haz bin sot fer havin them divulged, it allers makes me nervus, fer I do n't kno what's kummin. But I prayed the Lord to "temper the wind to the sheared sheep," and waited fer Marthy to finish up her kitchen chores.

Well, Laban, by ate o'clock we wuz sittin opposit eech other at our sittin room table holdin a summer nite Field Workers' Konference of the Stand-by family, Marthy started in by sayin:

"Timothy, I've got a noshun that you've bin follerin the Adult Bible Kass doins at Jeriko

Afore and After Taken

Kort House about az fer az the Lord intendid. Fer two yeers now you've bin spendin rite smart of yure time and of *our money* a-boostin the wurk at the Kounty Seet. The Kort House Adult Bible Klasses is now about on their feet. They don't need help az much az afore. They're big enuff now and strong enuff to go it alone.

"You must remember," sed Marthy, goin rite on, "that yure not a yung man like you onct wuz, and that there's a lot waitin fer you to do fer *other* places and fer *other* fokes. You'd orter put in sum wurk here at Brush Fork. Then there's the Organized Sunday Skool Wurk in Isreel Township and Sheepskin Kounty what's got a flat tire sinct you've bin givin so much time to the Kounty Seet. You'd orter git under *that* wurk and rouse it up. I have a perfound impresshun that you'd orter give yure attenshun to sumthin else *aside* frum the Kort House. What do you think?"

"Well, Marthy," I sed, "you needent wurry enny more about our bein of the same mind, fer I've bin feelin rite smart that way *myself*. And now that yure feelin that way, too, I'll do it."

"Do you know," sed Marthy, "that I've bin thinkin a lot about the Kounty Seet today? There's bin a powerful change there durin the last two year. When I kompare Jeriko Kort

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House today, with what it wuz two year ago I praise the Lord we've lived to see what relijun kin do fer a wicked city. If we could put Jeriko Kort House of two year ago, along side of what it is today, the picktur wood look like the advertisement in the "Buzzer" what reeds "Afore and After Taken."

"While we're about it," sed I, "spose we wurk out what the preecher kalls a 'wurd picktur' of the Kounty Seet *afore* it wuz struck by the Orginized Adult Biblè Klass, and a picktur of the same town two year *after*."

Well, Laban, that's what we did, and we never spent a happier hour sinct we wuz married. It wuz rite smart like kountin the sacks of wheat after the thrashin machine had wurked threw a wheat-harvest in a seezin when the krop wuz a "buster." I kan't do nuthin better than to copy the picktur in this letter. Here it is:

BEFORE

1. Preechers discour-
aged, poor congrega-
shun, poor pay, few
wurkers.
2. Sunday Skool draggin
along at poor dyin
rate. Small attend-
ance. Few boys, and
skarse enny men.

AFTER

1. Preechers rejoicin,
preech to big congrega-
shuns, good pay,
plenty of wurkers.
2. Sunday Skool the liv-
est thing in town. Big
interest, big krowds,
lots of boys, more
men than wimmin.

Afore and After Taken

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|---|--|
| 3. Bible Klass of Seven Men on its last legs. | 3. Organized Adult Klass of Men, "The Hus-slers," numberin 167. |
| 4. School met in prayer meetin room, plenty of empty seets. Men's Class in one pew be-hind the stove. | 4. School crowded into the church auditorium. Prayer meetin room needed fer the Hus-slers' Klass. |
| 5. Sunday Skool good place fer wimmin and children. Mitey few men. | 5. Sunday Skool attended by about all the biz-ness and perfesshunel men in town. |
| 6. Churches opin only on Sunday and Wensday nites. | 6. Sumthin goin on in churches almost evry nite. |
| 7. Twenty-nine saloons in town wurkin day and nite, lots of drunks. | 7. Not a saloon in town. Kort bizness lite, jail empty, evrybuddy sober. |
| 8. Bizness poor, mer-chants carryin lots of a c k o u n t s, kolleck-shun's hard. | 8. Good bizness, best ever. Lots of famleys payin cash what never paid afore. |
| 9. Lot of poor fokes in town. Needed clothes and shoes. Money went fer licker. | 9. Money what before went fer licker now goin to merchants. The poor fokes now have clothin and shoes. |
| 10. Churches at logger-heds. Never wurked together fer good of town. | 10. Churches wurkin like one family fer good of town and a happy pee-ple. |

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|---|---|
| <p>11. No interest in misshuns. Colleckshuns poor.</p> | <p>11. Big misshunary interest. Colleckshuns big. One of the town boys goes to China as Misshunary.</p> |
| <p>12. No place except saloons fer men to go at nite.</p> | <p>12. Public Reedin and Reckreashun Room and Jimnasyum open evry nite.</p> |
| <p>13. No hospitle neerer than seventy miles.</p> | <p>13. "Mercy Hospitle" opened at cost of \$25,000.</p> |
| <p>14. Public dances and card parties.</p> | <p>14. Very little dancing and cards. Peeple have found sumthin better.</p> |
| <p>15. Little piety among peeple.</p> | <p>15. Fokes deeply pius. Many family alters.</p> |
| <p>16. Prayer meetins poor, attendance slim.</p> | <p>16. Prayer meetins large and helpful.</p> |
| <p>17. Peeple gossippy and suspishus.</p> | <p>17. Peeple so busy in bein kind to each other that they haven't got time to gossip.</p> |
| <p>18. Sunday disgracefully desekrated.</p> | <p>18. Sunday the best and happiest in the week. Quiet and restful.</p> |

O, Laban, if you could have herd all we sed when we made up this list you'd understand better what the change at the Kort House means. There's a hole lot what can't be put down on paper.

Afore and After Taken

When Marthy and I walk along the streets of the Kounty Seet now, we *feel* the goodness of the place. The peeple *look* happy, the stores *look* prosperin, the streets *look* cleener, the town *smells* better, the air seems *pur*er, and the town feels like *a place where God lives*. And it haz all kum about bekaws the men got intrested in relijun.

Laban, *that's* what the Orginized Adult Bible Klass Moovment haz dun fer Jeriko Kort House. It wood never have happined in the wurld if the Husslers and the other Kort House klasses had sot down and dun nuthin, the way *so menny* klasses are doin in Ameriky. The Kort House klasses orginized fer *bizness*. They sot to wurk to do sumthin fer *themselves*, fer the *church* and the *town*. They got together, then they *wurked* together. They beleeved in each other. They wuzzent *jellus* of eech other. They wurked fer the *Kingdom* mor'n fer the church. They *rejoiced* in each others suckcess. They kept to the *study of the Bible*. They wurked nite and day to *git men saved*. When they wuz saved, then they wurked hard to *keep them saved*. They went after men what the church passes by—the *poor*, the *drunkard*, the *bums*. They *helped the church* and the *Sunday-skool* with their money. They took interest in the *boys*. They went *after the saloons* and knocked them out. They

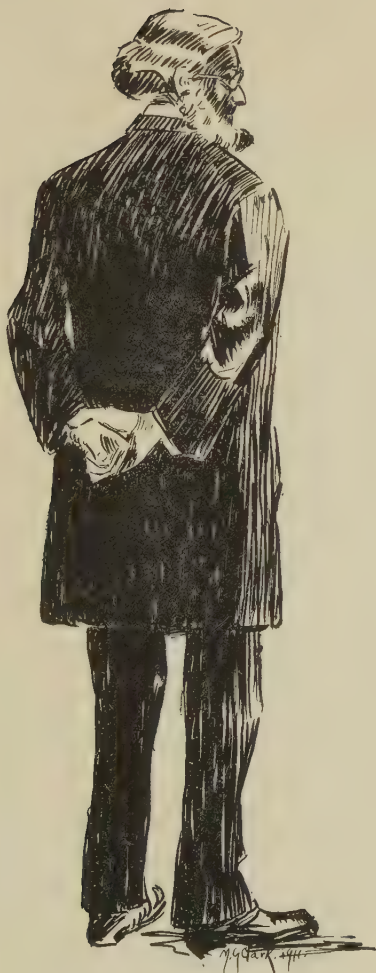
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got under the prayer meetin and the church problem. They held up the preecher's hands. They cut out all knockin, and put in their time tryin to help sumbuddy. They got so interested in their bizness that they fergot themselves in the glorius wurk of helpin others. They perfessed relijun, and lived it seven days in the week. They took their relijun into their bizness, and into their playzures, and into their homes. They kept sweet and made everybuddy feel the same way. They lived up to their motto, "The Orginized Adult Klass is out fer bizness, or it haz no bizness to be out," and they follered out their aim, "The Men of Jeriko Kort House for the Man of Galilee."

Laban, after Marthy and I had our little meetin, I went out on the porch all alone, and looked out on natur. And I thawt of the wonderful leedins of God. There wuz ten thousand things to be thankful fer. But I thanked Him most fer permittin me to live to see this day, fer givin me a chance to help in this glorius wurk, and spessshully fer givin the Stand-by famly an oil well. *It's still a-runnin. Bless the Lord, O my sole! Luv to Kate.*

Yures truly,

TIMOTHY STAND-BY.



TIMOTHY IN MEDITASHUN.

"I went out on the porch all alone by myself and thawt.
I thanked the Lord fer all Hiz blessins, and speshully
fer an oil well what 's still a-runnin."

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